





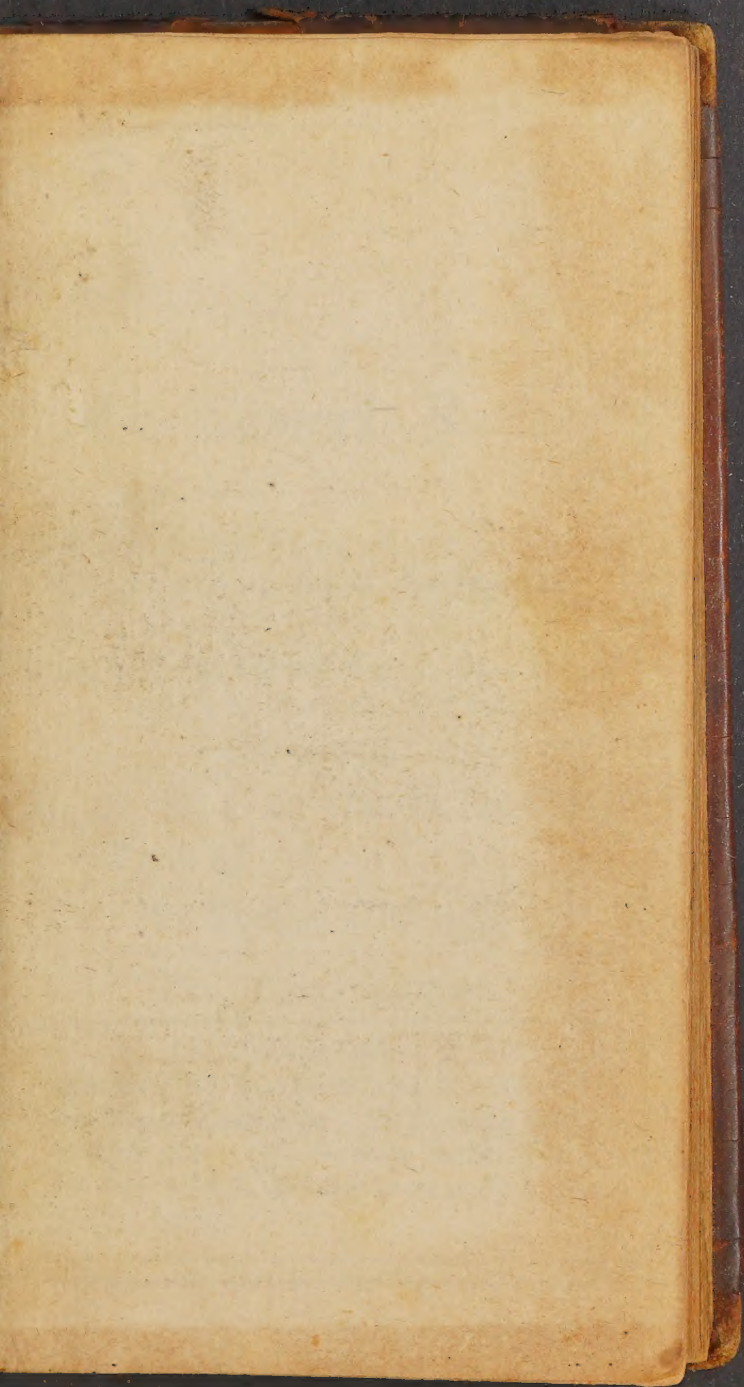


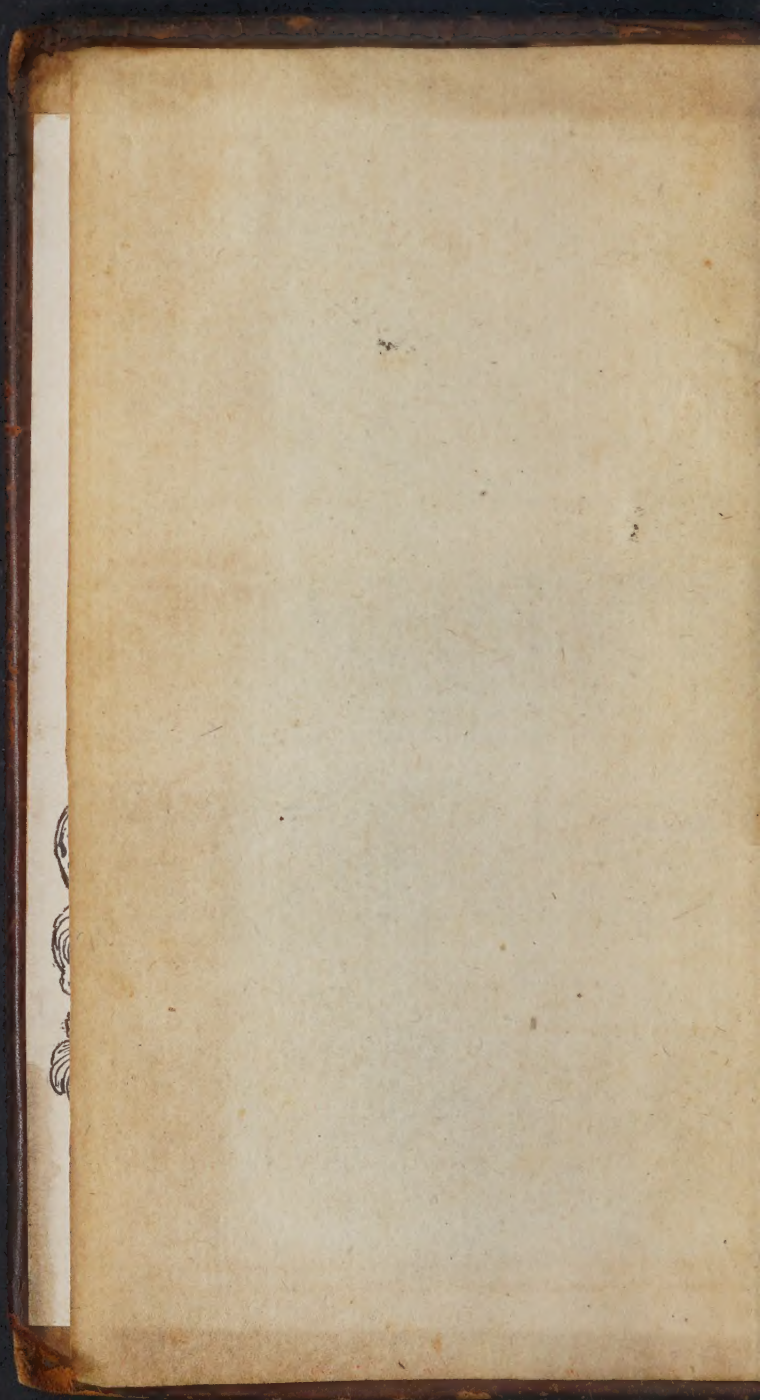


Behold, my desire
is that mine ad-
versary had writ-
ten a booke.

No







The **Second VOLUME**
OF THE
Posthumous WORKS
OF

Mr. *Samuel Butler*,

Author of **HUDIBRAS**.

Written in the Time of the **GRAND**
REBELLION, and at the Beginning of
the **RESTORATION**.

Being a Collection of *Satyrs, Speeches and*
Reflections upon those Times.

WITH

A **KEY** to the II. and III.

Parts of **HUDIBRAS**,

By Sir *Roger L'Estrange*.

The Third Edition.

LONDON, Printed for **SAM. BRISCOE**,
and Sold by *R. Smith* and *G. Strahan* at
the *Royal-Exchange*; *J. Browne* without
Temple-Bar; *J. Graves* in *St. James's-*
Street, and *J. Morphew* near *Stationers-*
Hall. 1715.

The Second Volume
OF THE
Colburns Works

Mr. Samuel Butler;

Author of Hudibras
Written in the Time of the
Restoration, and at the Beginning of
the Restoration
Being a Collection of Satire, Fable, and
Familiar upon those Times

WITH
KEY to the II. and III.
Parts of Hudibras

By Sir Roger L'Estrange.

The Third Edition.

LONDON, Printed for S. M. B. 1713
and sold by R. Smith and G. Sturges in
the Strand; W. B. near White-
Hall; J. G. in St. James's
Street; and J. M. near St. Martin's
Hall. 1713.



TO HIS GRACE

JAMES,

DUKE of ORMOND.

SIR,

YOUR Illustri-
ous Name, be-
ing an Ornament to
A 2 the

DEDICATION.

the former *Volume* of
Mr. Butler's *Posthu-*
mous Works; the same
Editor having, with
a great deal of Diffi-
culty procur'd ano-
ther *Volume*, humbly
begs you would be
pleas'd to take this
likewise into your Pro-
tection, that the scat-
ter'd Remains of the
inimi-

D E D I C A T I O N.

inimitable Author of
Hudibras may not be
turn'd naked and de-
fenceless into a censo-
rious, stubborn and bi-
gotted Generation.

'Tis upon that Ac-
count they fly to Your
Lordship for a Pas-
port, which will not
only be an effectual

A 3 Secu-

DEDICATION.

Security to them ; but
withal, the greatest
Honour that can be
done to,

Your Grace's

Most obedient, and

most humble Servant.



P R E F A C E.

TH E Reputation of
Mr. Butler's *Wri-*
tings is so effectually establish'd,
that it would be both Presum-
ption and Impertinence in me to
attempt any additional Recomm-
mendation; nor would there
be any Occasion for this Pre-
face, if it were not necessary
to give the Reader a few In-
troductory Cautions.

P R E F A C E.

The most Part of the Pieces, of which this Volume is compos'd, are taken from their Original Manuscripts.

The Fable of the Lion and Fox, and Hudibras at Court, I obtain'd by the Interest of an eminent Clergy-Man in Buckinghamshire, who had been sometime Chaplain to the old Earl of Carnarvan, who inform'd me, that Mr. Butler us'd to make long and frequent Visits to Asket, the Name of that Lord's Seat, and

P R E F A C E.

and that at Intervals, when he was disengag'd from my Lord's Company, he writ these two, with several other Papers of the same Nature.

The Fable of the Lion and the Fox, he believes to be his first Essay in this Kind of Poetry, and that after he had finish'd it, he dislike'd it, and threw it by, till Mr. Ditchfield, that was then domestick Chaplain to the Family, happened to get a Copy, which he shew'd to the

P R E F A C E.

Clergy and other Gentlemen that came to visit my Lord, who generally took Copies of it also; some of which are to be met with in their Families at this Time; and the Applause and Credit Mr. Butler gain'd by this Fable induc'd him soon after to begin his Hudibras.

The Memoirs are Observations upon the Managements of the Regicides in the two first Years after the King's Murder. Indeed I am the more inclin'd
to

P R E F A C E.

to believe this, because I have seen several of Mr. Butler's Letters to his Friends, in which was a Part of these Memoirs, together with the Verses, as they are now interspers'd and printed with them.

The Earl. of Pembroke's Speeches as he spok 'em in the House of Lords, were the common Talk and Sport of the Kingdom, and many of the Wits at that Time turn'd them into Lampoons and Ridicule; among which Mr. Butler was One,
who

P R E F A C E.

who put 'em into the Dress you now see 'em in, and sent 'em inclos'd in Letters to his particular Friends and Acquaintance; from whose Copies they were afterwards printed and dispers'd without Mr. Butler's Knowledge, and, as I have been told, very much against his Inclination.

The Speeches of Alderman Atkins, Pennington, Hugh Peters, &c. were written to represent the intolerable Prophaneness and Stupidity of the Faction.

P R E F A C E.

Faction. Mr. Butler, who was the best Master of Ridicule and Mimickry in the World, is said to have done them in Obedience to the Commands of the Lord Carbury, who in Recompence made him first his Secretary, and after-ward Steward of Ludlow Castle.

Hudibras at Court, was without Doubt intended for a fourth Part, as is very obvious to any Person that compares that with the other Three. How he came to drop the Design, and
to

P R E F A C E.

to conclude the first Canto with a severe Satyr upon the Court, is differently reported; but the most genrcal and probable Conjecture is, that after a long and fruitless Dependance upon the Promises of the King and the great Courtiers, full of Resentment, he resolves to leave the Court, to which he could never again be reconciled to the Day of his Death.

This is all I think necessary as an Introduction to the following Volume, except it be to inform

P R E F A C E.

from the Reader, that I am in close Pursuit of several other Pieces of this Author, viz. His Pastoral upon the Death of Sir Samuel Luke ; The Quakers Spiritual Court Proclaim'd ; His Letter and Copy of Verses to Sir William Davenant upon his Gondibert, &c. All which I hope in a very short Time to be in a Condition to lay before the World.

The



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Second Volume

Of
Mr. BUTLER'S
Posthumous Works.

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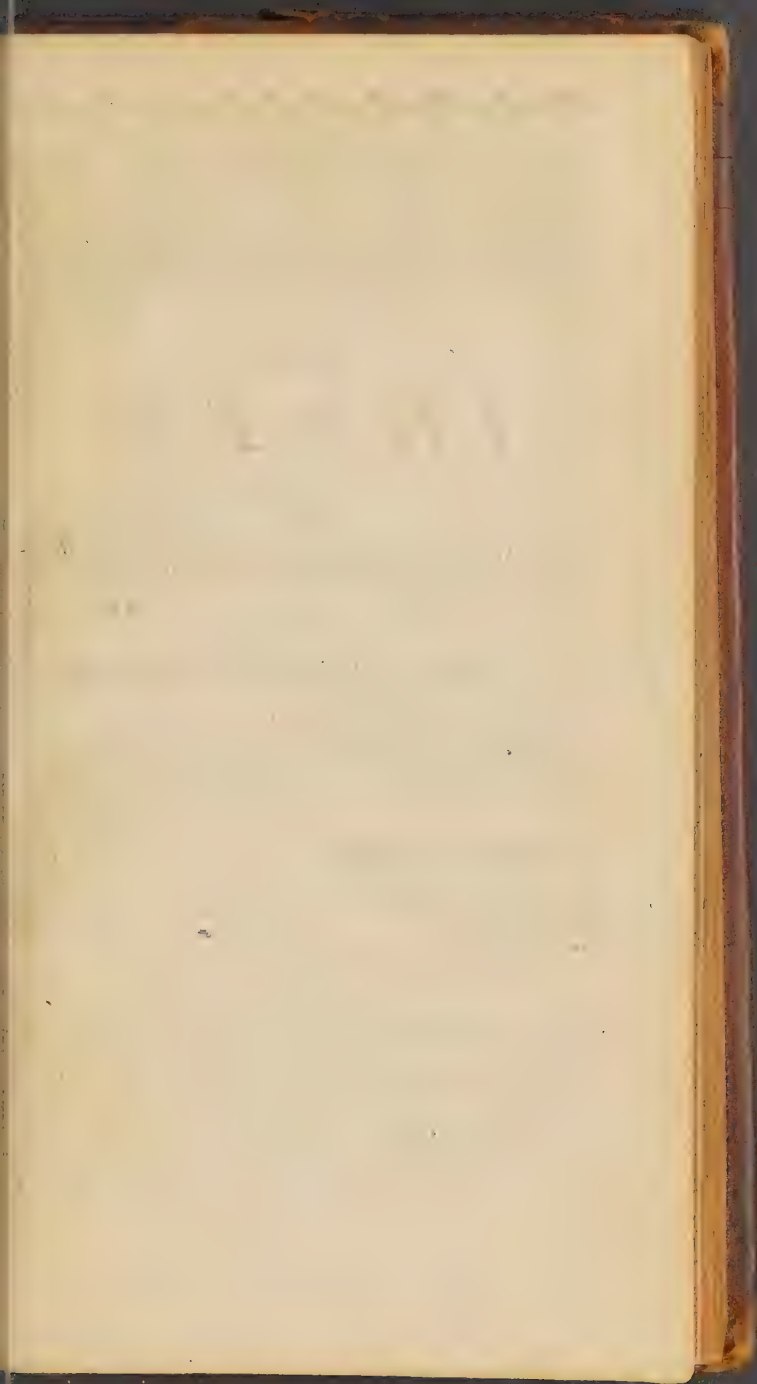
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THE
Second Volume
OF
Mr. *BUTLER*'s
Posthumous Works.

The Fable of the
LYON and the FOX.

Alluding,
To the Cause and Manner of the Great
Rebellion in the Year 1641.



Lyon who had uncontrol'd,
(roll'd,
O'er many *Woods* and *Forests*

Hearing his Subjects oft complain

Of many Hardships in his Reign,

B Re-

2 *The Fable of the LYON*
Resolves to go from *Place to Place*,
To try if he cou'd learn the *Cause*.

A *subtle Fox* who near him kept,
And us'd to dog him Step by Step,
Fearing that *he* among the *rest*,
Might be found out to be a *Beast*,
Whose daily study was to bring,
Contempt and *Ruine* on his *King*,
Rowls in his crafty Mind a Way,
How he his *Sov'reign* might *betray* ;
And that the *Matter* he might nick,
He pitch'd upon this cunning *Trick*.

There was a Common near a Town,
Where he had frequent *Robb'ries* done,
Oft kill'd young *Lambs*, broke open *Pens*,
And stole the *Goodwives* *Cocks* and *Hens* ;
So *ravenous* and bold he was,
That not a *Goose* could go to graze,

But

and the Fox.

3

But he both Night and Day would
(watch 'em,
And by some *Stratagem* dispatch 'em;
Which made the *Villagers* determine,
Both One and All to slay the Vermin.

Thinks he, if it shou'd happen so,
This *thoughtless Brute* should thither go
I'd *bark* and howl and raise the Town,
That they may come and pull him down
By which *Contrivance* I avoid,
to be, perhaps, myself destroy'd.

Now, as he thought, so it fell out,
For as he rang'd the *Woods* about,
Not dreading any sort of Harm,
For *Innocence* is still a *Charm*,
He comes to that unlucky *Place*,
Where *Reynard* thus obnoxious was.

The crafty *Vermin*, when he saw,
That he by no means could withdraw;

B 2

Begins

4 *The Fable of the LYON*
Begins to yelp aloud and cry,
If you would save your Life, Sir, fly:
And still he howls with all his Might,
You have no Remedy but flight.

The *Royal Brute*, whose noble Heart
Was never known to flinch or start,
Looks round, and seeing no one near,
Judg'd some officious Beast was there;
Or that some *Stragler* was that way,
Lurking about to catch his Prey,
Who seeing him so unexpected,
And fearing he should be detected,
Made this audacious outcry purely,
That he might 'scape the more securely.
These were his Thoughts, until he sees,
Great Crowds appear among the Trees;
Whom to avoid, and try th'event.
To an adjacent *Brake* he went,
Where he propos'd so long to lie,
Till all the *Rabble* were gone by.

But

and the FOX.

But as it was by Fate decreed,
That he in nothing should succeed,
A *Rustick* leading of a Sow,
To th' *Parson's Boar*, as they do now,
Happen'd to see the very place,
Where the poor Beast secreted was.

The *Fellow*, who had ne'er before
Seen any thing that went on four,
Look half so fierce and formidable,
With all the speed that he was able,
Throws down the Cord with which he
The Sow to lose her *Maidenhead*,
And runs with all his force and might
(For Fear, they say, adds Wings to flight)
To tell that he had seen a *Creature*,
Of dreadful Shape and monstrous Sta-
ture;
But he but little way had gone,
Before he saw his *Neighbours* come.

B. 3. With

6 *The Fable of the LYON*

With *Clubs* and *Spits*, *Hedge Bills* and
(*Prongs*,
Nay, some, for haste, had brought the
(*Tongs*,
And some had *Swords*, and some had
(*Guns*,
One this, another that way runs,
Resolving all, alive or dead,
Reynard to bring before the Head-
Borough, who was oblig'd to pay,
Five Shillings, if they won the Day.

The crafty *Fox*, who was no *Stranger*
Or to the *Place* or his own *Danger*,
Steals to a *Thicket* that was near,
Where he what pass'd might see and hear
And pleas'd the *Vermin* was to find,
All things succeed as he design'd.

The *Rustick* who did lead the *Sow*,
Had so much Breath recover'd now,
And seeing all his *Neighbours* near,
Had so far respite from his Fear,

That

That he first scratch'd his Head, then
(hum'd,
And thus the Matter to 'em sum'd.

Neighbours, says he, why what the Pox,
Can you suppose a little Fox,
Tho' he were ne'er so great a Thief,
Could do us all this damn'd Mischief?
I am no Conjuror, yet I know,
It cannot be, nor is it so:

Some Creature, whom the Gods imploy,
Is sent among us to destroy
Our Flocks and Herds, and will, at last,
Upon the very Owners feast.

I will not keep you in surprize,
I saw, just now, with both my Eyes,
So strange a Monster, that a Fox,
Is no more like him than an Ox.

Upon the Arms of our good King,
I've pictur'd seen just such a Thing;
His Beard, his Tail, his Mane the same,
Only the Picture looks more Tame,

Punish poor Rogues and Whores, and Try
Some Thieves for petty Robbery.

Upon the whole, their Doubts and Fears
Had almost set them by the Ears,

And if the Cocker had not broke

The Ice, and with some Fury spoke,

There had been Bloodshed; but, says he,

Neighbours, for shame; agree, agree;

For, to be plain; as Cases stand,

I think we should go hand in hand:

This is no Matter of small Moment,

Then why should we our danger foment,

By quarreling with one another?

I'll tell you, if he was my Brother,

Should he distrust our honest Neighbour

I'd call him Blockhead for his labour:

Why, what the Devil can we think,

He's neither Mad, nor yet in Drink:

Nor was he wont to Laugh or Scoff,

To Lye and Flatter, and so forth:

10 *The Fable of the LYON*
Therefore, in short, I must believe,
He'd not himself or us deceive.

Says Desborough, for that his Name was
Who afterwards grew very famous,
And, as his Neighbours all can tell,
Ith' *Civil Wars* was Colonel;
Nay, some there be that will not stick
To say, he was so *Politick*,
Or, if you will, so great a *Rogue*,
That when Rebellion was in vogue,
That he among the rest was *one*,
That doom'd his *King* to *Martyrdom*.
But to proceed, If any dare
Go to the Place, I'll shew you where,
Quoth he, *this Monster now lies lurking*
And like some Cavalier is working,
In his mischievous Pate, some way,
Our Cattle and our selves to slay.

To

To this replies the Clerk o'th' Parish,
I'd go if I was sure to perish;
And yet, to make a little halt,
Soft Fire makes the sweetest Malt.
And soft and gently too go far,
The Proverbs say, 'tis so in War.
Then give me leave, I think 'tis best,
Before that we attack the Beast,
To call a Counsel and devise
To fall upon him by Surprise. (high,
You know when Civil Broils grew
And Men fell out they knew not why,
That I was one of those that went,
To fight for King and Parliament.
When that was over, I was one
Fought for the Parliament alone;
And tho' to boast it argues not,
Pure Merit me a Halbert got,
And as Sir Samuel can tell,
I us'd the Weapon passing well.

This

12 *The Fable of the LYON*

*This Leader was of Knowledge great,
 Either in Charging or Retreat,
 Could Pray and Fight, and Fight and
 (Pray,
 Could stand it, or could run away;
 And, as 'tis said, found out the Thing
 To make the King oppose the King;
 Of him that thus was famous for
 His Courage and Success in War,
 I needs must say, to be no bolder,
 I learnt, in part, to be a Soldier.
 But this is not a proper Place,
 Nor Time, t'enlarge upon the Case.
 The Foe is very near at hand,
 And if we long consulting stand,
 We slip an opportunity,
 Perhaps, to slay an Enemy,
 That if he had it in his Power,
 Would us and all we have devour.*

*Here is no room for Mediation,
 Nor Treaty, nor Accommodation;
 No*

*No Terms this Matter can compose,
But it must come to downright Blows.
Our very Liberties and Lives,
Our Cattle, Children, nay, our Wives,
Are all at stake, and that's enough
I'm sure, to make us danger-proof,
But as among the Saints we know,
Before they did to Battle go,
Nay, tho' they only went to Plunder,
Or bring some bold Malignant under,
They always sung Staves two or three,
Until they met the Enemy.*

*So let us now, with one accord,
Lift up our Voices to the Lord.* (tion

*'Tis true, they fought to free the Na-
From Pop'ry and Abomination,
And evil Counsellors to bring
To Justice, that seduc'd the King.
They fought to get into their hands,
Of King and Bishops, all the Lands;*

And

14 The Fable of the LYON
And did, at length, by Prayer and
(Fighting,
Obtain the whole that they had right in.

Thus far the Clerk: he that spoke next;
Was *Jeremiah Mumble-text*,
And he was one could *Preach & Weave*,
Both *others* and *himself* deceive:
Had such a *burning fiery Zeal*
For *Anarchy* and *Commonweal*,
That he could *Howl*, and *Grin* and *Cant*.
A & both a *Devil* and a *Saint*.

This Minister of Reformation,
When first Rebellion came in fashion,
Could, as his Shuttle, shoot his Tongue,
And, Lawyer-like, prove Right was
(Wrong;
He'd prove Resistance was no Treason,
But grounded on the Law of Reason,
And for to kill the King, no more,
Than 'twas to rub out an old Score ;

To

To Swear, For swear, Lye and Recant,
Was but the Duty of a Saint,
And that to *Sequester* and *Plunder*,
Did but the *Carnal Man* bring under,
A sort of gentle *Moderation*,
To save a vile *malignant Nation*.

He'd prove the *Priests* and *Bishops* all,
Were Servants to the *Idol Baal*,
Drones, *Idle Belly-Gods* and so forth;
A *Crew* of uselefs *Things* of no worth.
To sum up all, he would averr,
And *prove*, a *Saint* could never err;
And that, let *Saints* do what they will,
That *Saints* are *Saints* and were so still.

After this worthy *Babe of Grace*,
Had three times hem'd, and set his Face,
He thus begins: *By Inspiration*
I find we are a sinful Nation,
And since the Spirit gives me leave,
I'll not my self nor you deceive.

And

16 *The Fable of the LYON*

And here he blew his Nose and Hem'd,
This Item should not be condemn'd,
This Monster must in course be sent,
To warn us of our Punishment;
For Whoring, Drunkenness & Swearing,
Or more ungodly Cavaliering,
For Cavaliering is, my Friends,
The Cause to which our Ruine tends.
That wicked Creature call'd a King,
Is an abominable Thing;
And till that Monster be remov'd,
We shall be neither blest nor lov'd;
Nay, I believe, this very Brute,
O'er all the Beasts is Absolute,
And like the King by Right Inherent,
In all the Woods and Plains, Vicegerent.
I would not carry Things too far,
Nor overstretch the Metaphor;
But if we safely may rely on
Desborough, then he's a Lyon,

As

*As Arbitrary and Despotick,
As is the Vandals King and Gothick;
And Rules the Beasts with such a Sway,
That if they chance to disobey,
Off goes their Ears, as was of late,
Of our Three Worthies the hard Fate.
Says he, for Saints to fight and jar,
May well be call'd a Civil War,
But for the Saints to kill the King
And all his Friends, is no such thing;
For there's a diff'rence'twixt the blood
Of Royalist and the Brotherhood.
Suppose the Beasts, for we'll suppose
The thing, tho' it for nothing goes,
Should Rise at once, both one and all,
And on this headstrong Monster fall,
And should destroy the Branch and Root
Of Him and all his Whelps to boot;
Now can a Man that is not stark
Staring mad, or in the dark,*

Con-

Con-

Conscience *is an* Internal Light,
That ne'er goes out by Day or Night ;
It may, perhaps, a little vary,
As Things succeed, or Things miscarry;
For by the Saints 'tis held, Success
Is a sure Guide to Consciences :
Success and Conscience are the same,
And differ little but in Name ;
Some Consciences indeed may winch,
Like Jades that ill stuff'd Saddles pinch
And we may have, spight of our Ears,
Some inward Qualms, some Doubts and
(Fears,
But then Success takes off their Sting,
And does the Man to Temper bring.

If Conscience and Int'rest differ,
Conscience in course, will grow the
(stiffer ;
On th'other hand, if they agree,
Conscience is pliant, frank and free.
It must be own'd that any Saint,
May boggle at the Covenant,

And

20 *The Fable of the LYON*

*And seem a little shy and loath,
To take, for nothing, a false Oath;
But when Success and Int'rest force,
These Things are only Things of course.*

*And thus went on this Holderforth,
Till a fresh outcry stop'd his Mouth.
A Knight there was, of passing Worth,
Who with his Neighbours sally'd forth,
A Sportsman keen, as ever set
A Snare, or Springe, or drew a Net,
Could find a Rabbit or a Hare,
The best of any that was there:
And what was more, he understood
Each turn and winding of the Wood:
To speak his Character in brief,
He was among the Poachers chief.*

*As Gen'ral's, when they go to fight,
First view the Ground, e'en so our Knight
Rid round and round about the Place,
In which the Lyon shelter'd was:*

But

But as it happens now and then,
We fall by our own *Stratagem*,
So by the sequel you will see
Th'event of *Reynard's* Treachery.
Reynard, as you before were told,
Lay close enkennel'd in strong Hold,
Expecting when they would assail
The *Royal Brute* with *Tooth and Nail*;
But as that things do often *slip*
The Proverb says, 'twixt *Cup and Lip*,
Just so it happen'd in this Case,
For *Chance* brings many things to pass;
A Beagle of the *Knight's Retinue*,
Coming by chance to an *Avenue*,
Did by unlucky *Instinct* find,
That *Reynard* lay full in the Wind;
The *Dog* no sooner took the *Scent*,
But forward he with Fury went,
And as he runs he opens too,
As all stanch Hounds by Nature do.

The

22 *The Fable of the LYON*

The Knight impatient of delay,
 Bawls, *Hark to Joler, hark away*;
 For *Joler* was a Dog, he knew,
 Ne'er cry'd it but it must be true;
 And not to do his *Worship* wrong,
 Of *Dogs* none better knew the *Tongue*;
 Nor was a *Tongue* e'er better known
 Among the *Dogs*, than was his own.
Reynard, who heard the Cry was coming,
 Knew now there was no way but running
 And what was worse too, he must pass
 Just where the *Mob* assembled was.
 About the *Brake* he made some *Doubles*,
 But that did but augment his *Troubles*:
 The *Scent* lay high, and ev'ry round,
 To th' *Dogs* himself he nearer found,
 And so, before he lost more strength,
 He thought it best to run at *Length*,
 And try if he could reach that *Earth*
 From whence he could not be got forth.

The

The *Lion* who had quiet lain,
 But not, perhaps, without some Pain;
 For let a *Beast* be ne'er so stout,
 'Tis dang'rous to engage a Rout;
 And he that will with *Rabbles* fight,
 Whether he be i'th' wrong or right,
 Will find his Blood and Courage wasted,
 And must expect to be well basted.
 This *Royal Brute*, whose gen'rous Breast
 With *Doubts & Fears*, tho' ne'er oppress'd
 Yet seeing *Tumults* and a *Hurry*,
 Judg'd it unsafe for him to tarry,
 So to his *Den* unseen repairs,
 And left the *Fox* to stand the *Bears*.

The *Fox*, tho' subtle, strong and swift,
 Was now reduc'd to his last shift;
 And as 'tis said, that *Wit is best*
In sudden Causes, so the *Beast*
 Concludes, his Ruine to prevent,
 To try this bold *Experiment*.

Near

24 *The Fable of the* LYON

Near to a *Plain* there dwelt a Lord,
Whose *Park* did store of *Deer* afford,
And had all sorts of other Game,
For some were *wild* and some were *tame*.
Thinks he, If I could thither get,
I should these restless Curs defeat.
Thither, with all his force and might,
The *crafty Vermin* took his flight,
And finding in the Pale a Hole,
Press'd by his Danger, in he stole.
But this had likewise prov'd in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
Had not the Passage been so small,
That not a Dog could thro' it crawl.
And thus we see, as Stoicks hold,
That *Fortune still doth help the Bold*,
And the most daring subtle *Knave*,
Doth often from *Destruction* save,
Whilst those of worth, and better Sort,
Are but her Merriment and Sport.

But

But to let small *Adventures* pass,
Proceed we next to tell the Case,
How *Reynard*, like a Politician,
That had more *Heads than Beast in*
And in each Head had some *Design*,
(*Vision*,
The *Royal Brute* to undermine.

Have you not heard of one of late,
A potent *Stickler* for the *State* ;
One that could break his *Faith & Troth*,
With as much ease as eat his Broth,
Play'd fast and loose, for and against,
Till he had got himself advanc'd ;
Had seen three Governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one ;
Could sail with ev'ry *Wind* and *Tide*,
And be on both or either Side.
Such was the *Fox*, such was the *Man*,
One *Beasts*, the other *Men* trepan ;
And both alike they did enjoy,
That useful Maxim to destroy,

26 *The Fable of the LYON*

Both *Friend* and *Foe*, without *remorse*,
That hinder'd their *rebellious Course*.

New *Spite* and *Rage* the *Fox* inflame,
To see that he had miss'd his Aim,
And nothing less than *Root and Branch*
Can ease the *Tumults* in his *Paunch*.

Accordingly he casts about
How first to find the *Lyon* out,
And with a Look demure and civil,
That would almost deceive the Devil,
To draw him in to some *Adventure*,
In which his *Ruine* needs must center.
And as the *crafty Vermin* thought,
So *Chance* about the *Matter* brought;
For it fell out upon a Day,
When all the *Beasts* were gone away,
That to the *Lyon's Den* he posted,
And thus the pensive *Brute* accosted :

(*Peace,*
Health to my Prince, long Life and
May with his Age, his Power encrease,
And

*And may he be for ever free
From Danger and from Treachery :
May no false Tales or groundless Fears
Disturb his Thoughts or reach his Ears,
That he may judge and truly know,
Who is his Friend, and who his Foe,
And be no more trick'd and misguided,
And from his Subjects Hearts divided.
The Gods can witness what I say,
None can with greater Ardour pray
For the Prosperity of Master,
Than Reynard, tho' by sad Disaster,
H'as been traduc'd and represented,
One of the Party discontented.*

*Great Sir, I should not be so rude,
To trespass on your Solitude,
If both my Conscience and my Duty
Did not engage me to be true t'you ;
Nor should I at this time presume,
Into this Sacred Place to come,*

28 *The Fable of the LYON*
If Business of the last import,
Were not, in truth, my Warrant for't.

The *Lyon*, tho' he knew the Creature
Was dangerous, and false by *Nature*,
And had been very oft found out,
The chief Abettor of the *Rout* ;
Yet as the wisest *Princes* use
No *Informations* to refuse,
Gave him his *Paw* to kiss, in token
That he was pleas'd with what h'ad
(spoken.

The cunning *Caitiff* quickly finding,
The *Lyon* thought him worth the mind-
(ing,
With all the formal *Art* and *Spite*
Of an accomplish'd *Hypocrite*,
Proceeds: *Dread Sir, the time is lost,*
When we of our own Merits boast:
I therefore shall avoid Recital
Of what I've done, since you requite all.
Nay,

*Nay, more than all, in granting me
This unexpected Liberty.*

To this replies the Royal Brute,
I will not enter a Dispute,
What is your Merit or Demerit ;
What Vice or Virtue you Inherit :
But since your Duty, as you say,
And Conscience too brought you this
And, as I think, you hint moreover, (way,
That you have something to discover ;
I should be glad, and thank you too,
If that Proposal you'd pursue ;
And if I find it Truth, depend ;
I shall esteem you as my Friend.

Quoth Reynard then, my Liege, May't
I will with no Preamble tease you. (please you,
You must remember, not long since,
That you alone walk'd out from hence ;

30 *The Fable of the LYON*

*And I believe have not forgot,
That 'gainst your Life there was a Plot.
In this Case, Sir, I must speak plain,
You'ad then undoubtedly been slain,
If I myself had not been nigh,
And caution'd you aloud to fly.
I was that Treacherous Beast, I own,
To save your Life, expos'd my own ;
Which I should now forbear to mention
Were I not under Apprehension,
That you're in danger, for I'll prove,
That you can never stir nor move,
But you have some about you lurking,
And are for your Destruction working.*

*The genrous Brute, tho' prepossest,
With the true Character of the Beast,
And knowing that the formal Saint,
Would Lye and Swear, Cant and Recant,*

Yet

Yet having *Knowledge* and *Forefight*,
That something that he spoke was right,
Thought it advisable to hear,
The utmost he could make appear.

Reynard, says he, *I cannot doubt,*
But you some Secrets have found out,
And won't believe, as Matters stand,
That you will now act underhand :
The Time and Place I recollect,
When I my Safety did suspect,
And heard some Beast, with all his Might
Cry out, You have no way but flight,
To save your Life ; yet, to speak true,
I least of all suspected you ;
Who, by the Accounts I've often had,
Would for my Ruine be right glad.

Says *Reynard*, 'Twou'd, my Lord, be
(dull,
And argue me a very Fool,
C 4 To

32 *The Fable of the LYON*

*To spend my Time and Breath to stop,
Of ev'ry senseless Mouth, the gap;
And therefore, Sir, to let that pass,
And come directly to the Case:
When you ran to the Wood for shelter,
I saw the People, Helter Skelter,
Come from the Town, with each a Club,
Design'd your Royal Hide to drub.
On this occasion, Sir, I must
To you and to my self be just.
My Lord, I thought no remedy,
But either you or I must die;
And as yours is a Life divine,
And worth ten thousand such as mine,
I thought in Conscience I could do
No less, than venture it for you.
The manner how I 'scap'd, and how
I found the Plot, you must allow
Miraculous, but as I scorn
To Gainst Fellow Creatures to inform,
I beg*

*I beg you will no Questions ask,
For that's the most ungrateful Task.*

And thus, to cover his *Design*,
Did this deceitful *Varlet* whine.
Till the poor *Beast*, whose only *Fence*,
Was an unguarded *Innocence*,
Began to think his artful *Tongue*,
Went with his *Heart* and *Thoughts* along

Hard is the *Fate* of that poor *King*,
When *Traytors* *Informations* bring,
And harder yet, when they must trust
A *Villain* that they know unjust:
Such was this *Lyon's* desp'rate *Case*,
He knew this *Fox* a *Traitor* was,
Yet he had cook'd his *Information*,
In such a formal handsome fashion,
And back'd it with such *Facts* to boot,
He could not help but listen to't.

*Reynard, says he, upon my credit,
If any other Beast had said it,
I should not have believ'd a jot,
Or the least tittle of a Plot ;
But you so plain have made it out,
That I should be to blame to doubt :
And if for me you've that Obedience,
As you're bound to by Allegiance,
I do expect that you'll declare
The Plot, and who the Plotters are.*

*Here the perfidious Sycophant,
Begins again to Howl and Cant :
On you our Liberties depend,
And with your Safety Ours must end,
And he's a false unworthy Brute,
When you're in danger will be mute ;
But as some things are better done
By other hands than by our own,*

Some

*Some other Beast should make th' attack,
And I'll be ready him to back:
Or, if you think't a safer way,
I can you to a Place convey,
Where you, unseen, may hear and see
The Heads of this Conspiracy.*

*Saith the good Beast, I like your last
Proposal better than your first,
And therefore, Reynard, I determine,
To go my self and seize the Vermin.
You say you can conduct me to
A Place, where I unseen may go,
And view this Juncto, at a Season,
When they are met to hatch their Treas-
(son.
If so, and I can find 'em sitting,
I can take Measures that are fitting,
To frustrate, without loss of Time,
Whate'er these Traytors may design.*

The

The *Fox*, who saw the *Beast* so greedy
To take the Bait, replies, *I'm ready,*
Let loss of Life or Limb betide,
My Leige, to go and be your Guide,
The worst that I can apprehend,
The way is rough, and may offend
Your Majesty: but for the rest,
Depend upon your faithful *Beast*.

The *Lyon*, whose too gen'rous Heart
Was free from all *Designs* and *Art*,
'To all he spoke gave as much credit,
As if the *Oracle* had said it.
Hypocrisy, that cursed Sin,
Most often takes the best Men in;
A Gift it is, not only able
To tantalize and chouse the *Rabble*,
But has a strange magnetick Power,
To draw the *Great Ones* to its *Lure*;
And

And therefore 'tis, among the *Saints*,
The only *Sin* not pray'd against.

But to proceed, that we may come
Nearer to our *Conclusion*:

The cunning *Fox* the *Lyon* takes,
Thro' unfrequented *Woods* and *Brakes*;
As *Thieves* do *Passengers* which they
Intend to *bind* and *strip*, or *slay*;
Just so it happen'd, as you'll hear,
For as they travel'd, without fear,
He leads him to a *Place* they call,
In Country Language, a *Trapfall*:
He had no sooner step'd upon
This *Engine* of *Destruction*,
But through he falls into a *Pit*,
From whence he no ways out could get.

The *Fox* no sooner saw him in,
But he began to *bark* and *grin*;
To *Rail*, *Demand*, and more to move
The *Royal Breast*, did thus reprove:

'Tis

38 *The Fable of the LYON*

*'Tis doubtless for your Punishment,
This Judgment by the Gods is sent.
Ye've been, I fear, too oft unjust,
And with your Subjects broke your Trust
Have stretch'd Prerogative too high,
And trespass'd upon Property:
All which must be restor'd and mended,
E're this Calamity be ended.*

*The Beast, whose noble Heart and Soul
No Dangers, no Distress controul,
To the base Varlet thus replies:
I Thee and thy Advice despise:
Tho' by my own Distress, and thy
False Vows, and Oaths, and Flattery,
I'm hither brought, yet I determine,
Not to betray my Trust, false Vermin,
Nothing shall make me do a Thing
Below the Glory of a King.*

Quoth

Quoth Reynard, *Since you are so stout,*
I won't attempt to bring you out :
If you don't think a Composition,
May be of use in your Condition,
Here you may lie and starve and rot.
So to the brink o'th' Pit he got,
And in his filthy Tail he pifs'd,
And gave it in his Face a twist.

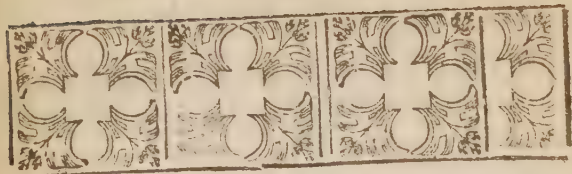
The *Royal Brute*, altho' a *Creature*,
Adorn'd with all the Gifts of *Nature*,
One that could suffer *Persecution*,
And *Martyrdom* with Resolution,
To be thus pifs'd upon and treated,
You must suppose was something heat-
(ed..
He would have spoke, but as 'tis vain
For *Kings* in Prison to complain,
So the poor *Beast* had no permission,
To represent his hard *Condition* .:

40 *The Fable of the LYON, &c.*

For *Reynard*, like an artful *Traytor*,
Had so contriv'd and fix'd the Matter,
That all the *Tygers*, *Wolves* and *Bears*,
Already were about his Ears.

His Tryal, Sentence, and his Death,
Another Fable shall set forth,
Which I intend, to shew my Art,
To call this Fable's Second Part.





A N
 EPITAPH
 UPON
 King CHARLES I.

Stay, Passenger, stay and see,
 Intomb'd lies *Injur'd Majesty*;
 Why tremblest not? here's that would
 (make,
 All but a *harden'd Rebel* quake.
 A King! O! starts thou not to hear,
 A *murder'd King* lies bury'd here?

Search

42 *An EPITAPH, &c.*

Search all the *Records* of old *Times*,
 And muster up all *Ages Crimes*,
 And roll 'em up in one great *Mass*,
 'Twill fall far short of what this was.
 A *Monarch* sentenc'd to his *Death*,
 By *vulgar, base Plebeian Breath*,
 A *Langiver*, by *Laws* unknown,
Condemn'd to lose his *Head* and *Throne*
 Nay, and to make the *Odium* more,
 This must be done at his own *Door*,
 And all under the false *Pretence*,
 Of *Liberty* and *Conscience*.



A short

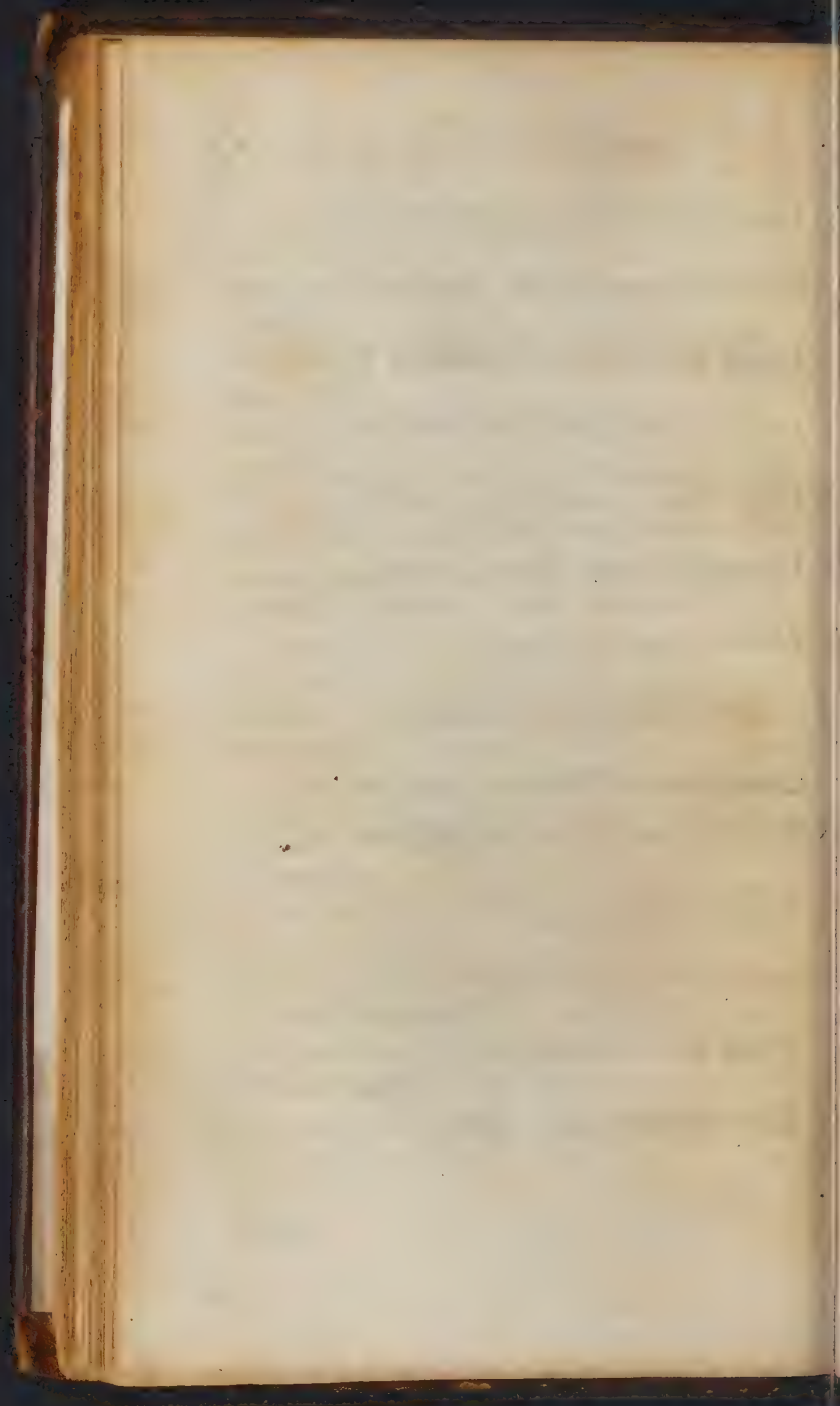


A Short LITANY for the Year 1649.

FROM all the *Mischiefs* I shall menti-
 (on here,
 Preserve us *Heaven* in this approaching
 (Year,
 From *Civil Wars*, and those uncivil
 (Things,
 That hate the Race of all our *Queens*
 (and *Kings*.
 From those who, for self-ends, would
 (all betray;
 From *Saints* that curse and flatter
 (when they *Fray*;
 From those that hold it *Merit* to *Rebel*,
 In *Treason*, *Murthers*, and in *Theft* excel

From

Our Bounds enlargement was his great-
 (est Toil,
 He made our Prison greater than our
 (Isle.
 Under the Line our enslav'd Cries are
 (spoke,
 And we and *Dunkirk* draw but in one
 (Yoke.
 From Broils he made, he best could dis-
 (engage :
 From his own Head diverts our pur-
 (chas'd Rage :
 And by fine State-art, to his Country
 (show'd,
 How to be *Slaves* at home, and *Thieves*
 (abroad.
 Confederate Usurpers quake to see
 The Grave not under the Pow'r of Ty-
 (ranny :
 Nature shrunk up at this great Mon-
 (ster's Death,
 And swell'd the Seas with much af-
 (frighted Breath ;
 Then to the bounder'd Shore her Bil-
 (lows roll'd,
 The approaching Fate of *Europe's*
 (Troubles told.



MEMOIRS

OF THE

YEARS 49 and 50.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.



Printed in the Year 1715.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

YEARS 49 and 50.



SINCE the Liberty of the Subject, and Free Quarter ; since new Lights, and Selling Malignants by an Inch of Candle, the World hath produced seditious Mercuries as fast as * *Derby-House* spawn'd Committees, or Committees started Delinquents: For why do *Westminster-Abby* Lubbers sit so long, but only to have their Pictures drawn? But yet no Ink could represent them black enough.

* *A House famous for their Meetings.*

The fittest Emblem of the Parliament House is a *Turkey Pie*; the Heads without will inform you what Birds are within.

But alas! poor Infants! We must be whipt, yet not have leave to cry: Kiss the Rod that scourged you. Women in some Countries never love their Husbands till they be well beaten by them: And certainly our *Reformers* would have us be as good-natur'd as their *Spaniels*; and indeed to what purpose is Hue and Cry sent after a Troop of Horse? 'Twere ridiculous for a Constable to charge the Peace upon *Cromwel*, or make privy Search into *Lental's Exchequer*; especially since the Kingdom was reformed into a *Lacedemonian State*: For when *Lilburn* was *Lycurgus*, Plundering must needs be statutable. What other Laws can we expect from him and *Newgate*? Felony already is a Crime only in some silly Wretches, who are punished for it; but Parricides are still above the reach of Justice. While two Armies murther and imprison, an honest Man may be *Burleigh'd* for beating up a Drum. As if in a Country of Cannibals, a poor innocent *Cutler* should be

Years 1649 and 50. 53

be hang'd for grinding a *Stillette*. *Pillories* are more cruel than *Scaffolds*, or perhaps *Prynn's* Ears were larger than my Lord of *Canterbury's* Head.

But Lord! To what an Height were May-Poles grown? And could they be reformed without Sequestration and Excise? Nay the primitive Zeal had almost melted the Bells, and made them ring backwards for themselves. A Psalm of Mercy is even deny'd the Chimes; and Masculine *Tom of Lincoln* must be gelded into a roaring *Meg*. *Roundheads* and Atheists hate Superstition, only *Cromwel* and the Devil are afraid of Crosses.

'Tis well Churches surviv'd thus long; for since my Lord *Brook's* Groom and Coachman propagated the Gospel, Christians were born in Stables only. So *Job* came to be a Saint, but upon a Dunghil; and why may not a sanctified Whipster be a Heaven-Driver, as well as *Brereton* and *Harvey* Bishops? Who would have thought that Snaphaunches and Basket-hilts were of Apostolical Institution? Or that Buff and Feather were *Jure Divino*? *Croyden* and *Fulham* are not inhabited, but haunted; nor do they lodge

Inmates, but Apparitions and Goblins. Thus have Christian Churches been converted into *Turkish* Mosques, and Abbies have been made Nests for *Rooks* and *Daws*. The Devil is an Enemy to all Hierarchy, and therefore Holydays must be abolished, and so farewell *Saints* and *Angels*; all renounce *Whitsuntide*, and yet boast the *Holy Ghost*. *Simon* and *Jude* are vanquished by *Lilly* and *Booker*, and *Michael* is subdued by another Devil. Time's Sythe was turned into a Saw, nor was he bald enough to be a perfect *Roundhead*. But an Execution must have some Reprieve. All stickle for *Powder-Treason*; the 'Prentices rescue *Shrove-Tuesday*, and the Sutors must be indulged a *Valentine*. What need any other Observations? They can feast themselves without a *Christmas*, and starve others without a *Lent*.

Well then, adieu *Fridays*, and welcome Monthly Fasts: Adieu *Idolators*, and welcome *New Moons*. This still Sow hath devoured more than all the *Bishops Hospitality*. Their Idol Humiliation, like *Bell*, consumes all, and yet eats nothing. But all this is merciful.

Their

Their too much Fasting hath made them Cannibals. They can say Grace over *Mummy*, and give Thanks for my Lord of *Strafford*; as if they had abstained only as Beasts tyed up, that they might devour poor Martyrs more greedily, nay they eat up one another. Both the *Hothams*, like two Thieves, wait upon their crucified Bishop. The Parliament, like *Sejanus*, is Destruction both to its Friends and Enemies. My Lord *Brook*'s new Light at last blinded him: He was first made a Mole, and then earth'd; a fit End for the Underminer of a State! *Lucas* and *Lisle* were both revenged, since the Vice-Admiral and *Rainsborough* were levelled. For as he was regenerate, so he dyed twice. 'Tis thought his Sea-Sickness purged the better Half away: The *Haddocks* had as good Breakfast as the *Worms*. *Crassus* built a Sepulcher to his deceased *Lamprey*: And what was all his Funeral Pomp dedicated to, but an Otter? To be Mourners at the Death of a *Water-Rat*, is a Vanity beyond being Maudlin drunk. Why all these ridiculous Attendants? A single Sculler is good enough

to carry a Dog to *Wapping*. The numerous wild Gang is exceeded every Execution Day. We see a fuller Appearance at *Newgate*. The *Worthy* was but two Wheels above an ordinary Villain, and differed only in the Blackness of his Soul, and his Wardrobe.

And most of the *Heroes* are such twisted Pieces, one knows not from which part of the *Centaur* to name them. Whom their *Alchoran* writes *Prophets*, others think *Impostors*. The Devil will still be black, tho' the *Indians* paint him white. All their Patrons dye, like *John Huss*, both Hereticks and Saints; nor can we discern whether 'tis a Martyr or a Witch that burns. My Lord *Say's* Sanctity is somewhat like his Son *Nat's* Valour. The Jewel hath too much of *Bristol* in it. The Dog in the Tower, tho' Proof against Lions, is no *Daniel*. O what a godly thing is the Sign of the *Hand Bible*! What a devout Company of Saints are *Rebecca*, her *Book*, her *Patens*, and her *Stool*! For all must together: Nor would you think her going to Church, but removing House. I wonder she is never apprehended for carrying

ing Burthens on the Sabbath Day. Well, this *Coif* and *Cross-cloth*, this *blue-apron'd Saint*, is as much in the Church as the Parson's *Hour-Glass*, the *Hassocks*, or the People that are buried there. Nor will she tire with a single Hearing, but trudge from *Tantlin's* to *Tillin's*, and hold out killing of a Brace or two, and all long Courses. Thus are they carried from Ordinance to Ordinance, like Beggars from one Church to another, that they may ply at both Places.

And what are their *Levites*, but their *Friers-Mendicants* for both the Houses? Not a *Sunday* since the Combustion, past without a Brief. How oft have they pick'd our Pockets with the Relief of *Ireland*? This Knack hath been as beneficial as their Plundering: As much hath been gotten by a *Good Your Worship*, as by *Stand and Deliver*. We could never get out of the Church without a Composition: The *Parson's Application* was certainly directed to our *Purse*: Every Motive strain'd our *Pockets*, and the last Use was an Use of *Sequestration*. See how the Pulpit-Duelist fights with *Bel-larmine*? How he sweats and toils, plays

out all his Weapons, (and you may be sure) hath got the better; but after with an Address to the Spectators to throw him some Money.

Well, who's for *Aldermanbury*? You would think a *Phoenix* preached there; but that Birds will flock after an *Owl* as fast; and a Foot-ball in cold Weather is as much followed as *Calamy* by all his rampant *Dog-Day Zealots*. But 'tis worth the crowding to hear the *Baboon* expound, like the *Ape* taught to play on the *Cittern*. You would think the Church as well as Religion, were inverfed, and the Anticks which were used to be without, were removed into the Pulpit. Yet these Apish Tricks must be the Motions of the Spirit; his Whimsie Meagrim must be an Extasy, and Dr. *Gooding* his Palsey make him the Father of the sanctified Shakers. Thus amongst *Turks* Dizziness is a divine Trance; Changlings and Ideots are the chiefest Saints; and 'tis the greatest Sign of Revelation, to be out of one's Wits.

Instead of a Dumb Shew, enter the *Sermon Dawbers*. O what a gracious Sight is a *Silver-Inkhorn*! How blessed a Gift

a Gift is it to write *Short Hand*! What necessary Implements for a Saint, are *Cotton, Wool, and Blotting Paper*? These Dablers turn the Church into a Scribe-ner's Shop. A Country Fellow last Term mistook it for the *Six Clerks Office*. The Parson looks like an Offender upon the *Scaffold*; and they penning his *Confession*, or a *Spirit* conjured up by their uncouth Characters: By his Cloak you would take him for the *Prologue* to a *Play*; but his Sermon, by the length of it, should be a *Taylor's Bill*: And what treats it of, but such *Buckram, Fustian Stuff*? What a desperate *Green Sickness* is the Land fallen into, thus to doat on *Coals and Diet*, and such *rubbish Divinity*? Must the *French* cook our Sermons too? And are *Frogs, Fungo's, and Toad-Stools*, the chiefest Dish in the Spiritual Collation? Strange *Israelites*! that cannot distinguish between *Mildew* and *Manna*. Certainly in the brightest Sunshine of the *Gospel* Clouds are the best Guides: and *Woodcocks* are the only Birds of Paradise. I wonder how the ignorant *Rabbies* should differ so much, since most of their Libraries consist only
of.

of a *Concordance*. The *Wisemens* Star doubtless was an *Ignis fatuus* in a *Church-Yard*; and it was some such *Will o'th'Wisp* steer'd propheticall *Saltmarsh* when riding Post to Heaven, he lost his Way in a Forest. Indeed their rare Gifts have one Property of the Spirit to be invisible, and so much of Revelation, as not to be understood, like the Musick of the Spheres, never to be heard.

But Cyphers may make an Assembly, tho' no Number: And what can we expect from an *ABC Synod*, but a *Catechism*? *Mount Sion* hath at last brought forth a *Mouse*, tho' it was long enough in Spawning to have been an *Elephant*. They have Reformation, *Paul's Work*; and O may they have a Scaffold for their Pains! For what have they given us for *Lawn-sleeves*, but *Sackcloth* and *Misery*? Instead of *Liturgies* they have brought upon us all those Afflictions we there prayed against. The Church, while beautiful, was the *Whore of Babylon*: their *Zeal* was never hot enough, till it scorched them into *Blackamores*. Too much fair Weather forsooth, has almost starved us. Seven Years Purging would
kill

kill an *Hercules*. To be always snuffing, must at last put out the Light. And what can be pure enough with them that dare article the *Creed*, and attempt to reform the *Apostles*? These will thrive the whole *Bible*, and have interpreted *Our Father*, &c. so long backwards, that they have made some believe 'twas Conjuring. The Synod was the Parliament's *Spiritual Block-House*, and the Prolocutor was the *Speaker's* Echo. All the Divines, like Priests of old, were inspired from *Vaults*, and the *Lower House*.

Oh! how sweetly did the *Syren* Representative sing at first? and how quickly it brought forth Destruction, and proved a Monster! *Nero* was pretty tolerable for five Years; and this Butter-print Parliament was Gold in the Morning, and Lead at Night: For what have our precious States done, but cured and smother'd little Diseases with the Plague? They have redress'd the *Counter*, and by all their Reformati^ons, made the Kingdom at last truly to want a Reformation. But Vengeance overtook them; and by spinning backward they have made Ropes
for

for their own Necks. Silly Conjurers! who have raised a Devil, and now cannot lay him. The Lease of your Dominion is out. Face about! Now the Fiend must be Master. Thus shall Anarchy revenge the King, and Conventicles punish the Synods Sacrilege; Lice and Frogs plague the *Egyptians* for the injured *Israelites*.

Who would have thought there wou'd have been a Reformation beyond *Root* and *Branch*? Or that there should be such Antipathy between a *Spider* and a *Toad*? Soldiers are omnipotent in Uncreating and Destruction. This *April* (they say) shall dissolve a *Triennial Parliament*, adjourn Eternity, and put an end to Perpetuity. *Cromwel* hath Wolves enough to silence the *Speaker*, and make *Lent* a Dumb-Dog. Alas poor *Directory*! Thou must give up the Ghost too; the *Spirit* must the way of all Flesh. Now Law it self must be arraigned, and the new Judges to Execution. What a fine Humour would it be to see *Wild Burleigh'd* by a Drum and Soldiers, and *Rolls* coach it up *Holbourn*, instead of *Fleetstreet*? O! that they may have their
Coifs

Coifs all turn'd into Night-Caps; and instead of old Women, become proper Men. Since the Members Regent were in Durance, the two Houses like the Representations of *Ludgate* and *Newgate*. What need the Distinction of Upper and Lower? *Cromwell* will serve both for *King of Hell*, and *Prince of the Air*. *Warwick* for all his Juggling, may perhaps suffer Shipwrack. *Xerxes* was a Leveller, he fetter'd the Seas: And why may not these put the Admiral in Chains? *Pryn's* Head must after his Ears; and the *Speaker's* Baggs will e'relong prove him a *Judas*: My Lord *Say's* white Powder is no longer silent and innocent, but must submit to *Cromwel's* black: *Pembroke* may be visited, and *Manchester* university'd; one is not a Fool, and the other is not Fool enough to be secure. And indeed these are Saints in Comparison of *Cromwell's* Lifeguard. *Hammond* is a Christian compared with *Rolf*. The Head Quarters make *Newgate* a *Sanctum Sanctorum*. The Soldiers are not good enough for Gibbets. In their Reformation the Gallows is under Persecution; and *Tyburn* suffers Martyrdom.

Not

Not one of *Peter's* 1500 Saints, but may with *St. Francis* give Place to the Devil. If these propagate the Gospel, it must be as the Painter finished his Picture, by defacing it, when the Sponge did the Work of his Pencil. To hope for Reformation from Levellers, is to gape for the Miracle of *Andromeda*, and to expect Beauty from a *Negro*. Agitators are as good *Physick* for a sick Church or State, as *Chips of the Gallows* are for the *Ague*. There is not a Soldier but changes his Religion as often as his Shirt, that being sooner lowsy than his Linen. They void their Principles at every Sermon; nor do they go to Church, but to Stool. And well may they part with them so easily, since their Religion is no better than toasted Cheese: Every Man is his own Cook; each Trooper, like a Knight of *Malta*, is both Priest and Soldier; Revelations are so common, that the Spirit is become a meer *Familiar*. You may be of all Religions, but the *Protestant*, as the *Pagans* worship all Gods but the true one; as if that Uniformity did not become the Church as well as Confusion, and the Surplice was not as hand-

handsome as the Beggar's Coat. *Roffiter* is a *Jew* extraordinary *Circumcised*, Root and Branch. *Martin's* Paradice is the same with *Mahomet's*, his Heav'n is only a *Seraglio*. *Cromwel* may pass for a *Pope Joan* or the *Whore of Babylon*, and differs only thus much from a Papist; they torment themselves, he other Folks. He believes his Merits so far, that he thinks he shall be saved by Villanies, and go to *Heaven*, like *Hercules* and *Theseus*, because he hath been in *Hell*. Indeed all of them are religious Mimicks, devout Vizards; and if Sanctity be *Snot* or the *Pox*, and seated in the Nose, they are as perfectly God's Apes as the Devil is. These zealous Pyramids always point at Heaven, as Fire, tho' in Hell, mounts upwards.

*And thus we see who first began
This Monster Reformation ;
A Set of vile amphibious Creatures,
Of diff'rent Shapes & diff'rent Natures
For e're that Civil Broils broke out,
Religion spawn'd a numerous Rout,
Of*

66 MEMOIRS of the
Of Vermin, that from Putrefaction,
Deriv'd their first and sole Extraction;
Who now like Toads against wet Wea-
(ther,
Gender and croak, and sprawl together.

But they are Angels, only that they may be Devils. A *Jew* cannot be a *Turk* till he be a *Christian*. They put on Religion to murder the *King*, as that damn'd *Monk* poison'd the *Emperor* with the *Eucharist*. They bring in Reformation as the old Poets did their Gods, to conclude their Tragedy more easily. Bloody Conspiracies are always shrouded under Leagues: When a Massacre is intended, they chime all into *Sicilian Vespers*. When they cry out, *the Church! the Church!* they mean our Grave. What Degrees of Misery are flung upon us! After a Parliament, comes an Army: Rods are turned into Scorpions. We have all these Years been almost ridden to Death by *Night Mares*, and now must be tormented with *Devils*. Had we wak'd in time, we might have dismounted that Load, but nothing now under a Miracle, can dispossess us of these Legions;

gions; these *Turks* shall enjoy the *Holy Land*, while we poor *Jews* sojourn at Home; and live Strangers in our own Country. They level others, but advance themselves. Angels descend, but 'tis the Devil's Posture to be raised up. All who have kept their Innocency, must be stript, while these Buff-Sinners flaunt it in Beast-Skins.

These Saints in Masquerade would
(have us
Sit quietly whilst they enslave us:
And what is worse, by Lies and Cants,
Would trick us to believe 'em Saints;
And tho' by Fines and Sequestration,
They've pillag'd and destroy'd the Na-
(tion,
Yet still they bawl for Reformation.

But *Cromwell* wants neither Wardrobe nor Armour: His Face was natural Buff, and his Skin may furnish him with a rusty Coat of Mail. You would think he had been christned in a Lime-pit, and tann'd alive, but his Countenance

68 MEMOIRS of the

nance still continues mangy. We cry out against Superstition, and yet worship a Piece of Wainscot, and idolize an unblanch'd Almond. Certainly 'tis no Human Visage, but the Emblem of a Mandrake, one scarce handsom enough to have been the Progeny of *Hecuba*, had she whelp'd him when she was a *Bitch*. His Soul too is as ugly as his Body; for who can expect a *Jewel* in the Head of a *Toad*? Yet this *Basilisk* would *King* it, and a *Brewer's Horse* must be a *Lyon*.

*In Cromwel Art and Nature strive,
Which should the ugliest Thing contrive
First Nature forms an ill-shap'd Lump,
And Art, to shew how good Wits jump,
Adds to his monstrous Shape and Size,
All Sorts and Kinds of Villanies;
So that he was by Art and Nature,
An ugly, vile and monstrous Creature.*

I wonder how Sir *Samuel Luke* and he should clash; for they are both Cubs of
of

of the same ugly Litter. This Urchin is as ill carved as that Goblin painted. The Grandam Bear sure had blister'd her Tongue, and so left him unlick'd. He looks like a Snail with a House upon his back, or the Spirit of the *Militia* with a natural Snapfack, and may both serve for Tinker and Budget too. Nature intended him to play at Bowls, and therefore clapt a Bias upon him. His Mother long'd for Pumpions; he was begotten in a Cupping-Glass, and engendered in a Tod of Hay. Some Earthquake hath disordered the Symetry of the *Microcosm*, sunk one Mountain, and put up another. One would think a Mole had crept into his Carcass and routed in it. He looks like the visible Type of *Aeneas* bouldstering up his Father, or some *Beggar Woman* endorsed with her whole Litter. You may take him for St. *Christopher*, with the Devil at his Back. O that *Knot-Grass* should purge the Kingdom! We must be ridden by a *Camel*, and reformed by the Sign of the *Dolphin*: You would think that he were levelled

70 M E M O I R S of the
levelled sufficiently. But *Harvey* will
have him lower yet, and down with
the Wall, though it be built with a
Buttress,

*Sir Samuel, whose very sight wou'd
Entitle him Mirrour of Knighthood,
Was one of those who first march'd out
To raise a Regimental Rout.
Have you not seen an old Baboon,
From chain broke loose leap up and down
Such was our Champion's antick Zeal
For Parliament and Commonweal.*

But *Harvey* is not so much for level-
ling the Men, as *Martin* the Women.
Look to your *Jane Shores*, you *Lom-
bard-Street* Men. He brings no Maiden
Troops: This is no Eunuch General.
The Stallion is of so prodigious an Itch,
you would think he had been gotten of
Lot's Wife, after she was turned into a
Pillar of Salt. He is the Bane of *Guia-
cum*, and the Despair of *Syrenge*s: So
excellently gifted for a Conventicle, that
he will edifie you out of *Cornelius* his
Tub

Tub. Are the godly Ones like Sacrifices, never accepted till they are burnt? Is there now way to destroy the *Whore of Babylon*, but by a *Town Bull*? Strange that none of the *Luthers* can reform without Nuns! Dr. *Burgefs*, forsooth, must have his *Hagar*. And *Peters* cannot propagate the Gospel without *Marrow-Bones*, without the help of *Lamb-stones* and the *Butcher's Wife*.

Harvey, that *sneaking senceless* Elf,
Would level all Men but himself;
And there's that Stallion Martin, who
Levels both Men and Women too.
Burgefs and Peters Day by Day,
For Marrow-bones and Lamb-stones
(pray.
A very hopeful Reformation,
When such as these must rule the Nation.

Martin is not so great a Sinner against one Commandment, but my Lord of *Pembroke* will overthrow him half a Bar at another. One you would take for *Arétine's* Pictures moraliz'd, the other
for

for the Covenant incarnate. *Martin* for a Knight of the burning Pestle, and *Pembroke* for a Knight of the Post. This *Hercules*, instead of a Worthy, is nothing but an Adverb of Swearing. He swallows the Covenant as easily as an ordinary *Dam-me*. This *Landkip*, this Map of Nobility, differs as much from a true *Britain* as a *Montgomery* Beacon from a Star, or a *Welch Leak* from *St. David*: Yet rather than not be famous for somewhat, he will murder the Universities, like that Villain who burnt *Diana's* Temple to get himself a Name. This is the second Part of *Manchester* on the same Tune, *Kim-bolton* of the Second Edition. One made the Kingdom a Lord *Brooks*, and the other a *Roasted Pig*. He carries a dull, foggy Ignorance about him, would blind the Kingdom, tho' it were an *Argus*, and is more unlucky in an University, than Monkeys in a Glass-Shop: He would make an excellent *Chancellor* for the *Mews*, or were *Oxford* turned into a Kennel of Hounds, and the *Sheldons* and *Hammonds*, *Motleys* and *Fowlers*. His own House is an *Academy* for Hawks
and

and Spaniels, and an Hospital for many Cures, Glanders and the Fashions. This *Nero* keeps a Wilderness at home, and is so much given to his brutish Society, that you would take him for a *Nebuchadnezzar* turn'd Beast. *Oldsworth* is his Crony, because his Four-legged Animal: For what are *Michael* and his Lordship but a blind Man and his Dog? Any kind of Creatures would make as good Subjects as such Earls. Some Dogs scorn *Cromwel's* Health, and will not eat but for King *Charles*. Tho' Parrots may be taught Allegiance, and Crows have been storied Loyalists, and Linguists too, the blind Whelp hath not Docility enough to know his Master. Yet shall he be the Peoples Idol too, and a reprobate *Welch* Goat one of the Elect, tho' he is not so much a Christian as the Thorn at *Glassenbury*.

*Pembroke's a Covenanting Lord,
That ne'er with God or Man kept word,
One day he'd sware he'd serve the King,
The next was quite another Thing;*

E

Still

*Still changing with the Wind and Tide,
 That he might keep the stronger Side.
 His Hawks and Hounds were all his Care
 For them he made his daily Prayer,
 And scarce would lose a hunting Season
 Even for the sake of darling Treason.
 Had you but heard what Thunderclaps
 Broke out of his and Oldsworth's Chaps,
 Of Oaths, and horrid Execration,
 Oft with, but oftner without Passion,
 You'd think these Senators were sent
 From HELL, to sit in Parliament.*

But why may not my Lord billet in Heaven as well as *Will. Lilly* and *Booker*, and take *Bedlam* for a Paradise, rather than make a Saint of the Man in the Moon? Indeed for those that change Religion every Year, the fittest Gospel is an *Almanack*. But who would take these Star-gazers for the wise Men? Well, wise Men they must be: for the Question is, Whether of Greece or Gotham?

tham? O the Infallibility of *Erra Pater Lilly*! The Wizard, perhaps, may do much at Hotcockles, and guess well at Blindmans-Buff; but I durst undertake to pose him with a Riddle, and stand his Intelligence in a Dog in a Wheel. An overturned Salt is a surer Prophet. The Sieve and Shears are Oracles to him. A whining Pig sees further into a Storm. Rats will prognosticate the Ruin of a Kingdom with more certainty. And as for Palmestry, a Gypsie or Derrick may be his Tutor. The Wittal is Cuckolded over and over, and yet the *Œdipus* is blind. Like the old Witch, who being consulted to discover a Thief, could not discover who had shit at her own Door. Indeed he is excellent at foretelling Things past, and calculates the *Deputy's* Nativity after he is Beheaded, and then by starting a Prophecy, he excites the credulous Vulgar to fulfil it. Thus can he antedate *Cromwel's* swift Malice, depose the King five Years beforehand, and instruct *Rolf* how to be damn'd. Impious Villains! to make the Spheres like the Associated Counties, and the heavenly

Houſes ſo many lower Houſes, fix a Guilt upon the Stars, and perſuade the Planets are Rebels, as if it were a Sequeſtration-Star, or any Conſtellation looked like a Committee. Away with your Bulls and Bears! Should we be ſubject to their Influence, each Conſtellation would make a Man a Beaſt, every Planet a wandring *Jew*. What fit Instruments are Astrologers for Rebels! Heaven as well as *Pauls* is made a Stable. Their Propheſies are, like Pictures, commerdable, becauſe they look every way. They are calculated for every Meridian, and are as much Truth to the *Turks* as the *States*: They are all born under *Gemini*; every Prediction is a Twin. Oracles muſt ſtill ſpeak double: Sure the Devil is always drunk, or treats with his Foot, or the Serpent muſt have his Tongue cleft too. *Lilly* has Chriſtened him an Ape of Hell. *Merlinus Angelicus* is nothing but an Engliſh Devil. He might ken all *Phænomenas* upon Earth better; would he for Prey, like the Kite, deſcend. What are all our new Lights but ſo many prodigious Meteors exalted, perhaps from
Dung-

Dunghils, admired a while for Stars,
and are found only Slime and Jelly?
Cromwel's Nose is a Comet in Grain,
and the grand Eclipse certainly is no
Common Council.

Hooker and Lilly with their Lies,
Are hir'd to blind the Peoples Eyes,
And cast a Mist before their Reason,
That they might not distinguish Trea-
(son.
The Stars all o'er the Firmament,
Are call'd to vouch their black Intent,
And to denounce the speedy Doom
Of the whole Race of Kings to come.

If the *Londoners* have not by this
time enough of Parliament, may they
still fight with Images, and adore
a Representative; still quarrel with
Superstition, and worship the Host of
Heaven: They will at least perceive
what kind of Phylick is Reformation,
and being drunk once a Month. Sure
all the Women in the City are with

Child by *Martin*, and so longed for Levellers. For were Altars Plea enough to offer up the Bishops? Must *Abel* still suffer for his Sacrifice? Sure his Holiness was the Pope, and Justice on *Prynn's* Ears a piece of *Auricular Confession*. Their Deputy, forsooth, hath made away their Churches, and was executed like the poor Ass for drinking up the Town-Moon. Proceed, proceed, my fine Reformers! So may your *Conduit Knight* vanquish his *Idol Grove*: So may the *George* on Horseback subdue the *Green Dragon*, and after all their victorious Gambols, both Man and Horse become Reformers Laureat. But what have you got for your *No-Plum-Pottage*? Nay, What hath all your Plate got you but Iron-Sides? Examine all your Pressures that contain Pluralities of Monopolies. Patents for Rags are not so rank as Excise for T----s. The Dunghil is sweeter than the Jakes and *Atkins*. Since the offended Soldiers were your Masters, the Livery-Men walk as if they ran the Gauntlet. Now the City is turn'd Delinquent, what doth the Lord Mayor

their Emperor, or King: *Turks* are Reformers, or Reformers *Turks*. But *Charles* must suffer more than any one single Person can inflict. Levellers heat the Fire seven times hotter. No Money, no Act of Oblivion; they can admit of any thing from Hell but *Lethe*. These *Medes* and *Persians* are unalterable: *Daniel* must to the Lions Den, *Hurst-Castle*. What can succeed the Dungeon but Execution? What can a King expect but Death, who is already buried alive? The next Enlargement translates him out of the World. *Cæsar's* Tragedy is best presented in the Senate. *Westminster*, alas! is the ready way to the Tombs.

*But now the fatal Period's come,
Charles must prepare for Martyrdom:
These Levellers know no Remorse,
But he must murder'd be in course;
And to exalt the Crime the more;
This must be done at his own Door.*

Cromwel

Cromwel must triumph with the Ax. before him, though that, as of old, should be properly directed by the Conqueror. *Lilly* can prognosticate no fair Weather till the Sun set red. The Queen must submit to Mother *Shipton*, and *Charles* be murdered to fulfil old Prophecies. Thus still Rebellion is the Sin of Witchcraft. The King can never please them till he looks, as in his Coin, (their Idol) beheaded; and nothing can be too dear an Offering for their *Moloch* Reformation. They build up Scaffolds (the Devil's Altars) and sacrifice Men for pure innocent Ones. The cry out against Idolatry, and yet are *Cannibals* in Superstition. As the Covenant was sealed from the Bishops Veins, so Levelling must be ratified by the *Blood Royal*. The *Presbyter* of the two proved the gentler Thief, and differed from the Independent as a Tinker from his more savage Trull. One stript and bound the King, that the other might cut his Throat: One silenced the Bells of his Nativity, and the other mad them ring for his Funeral. Both are guilty of his Blood,

only this *Pilate* wou'd wash his Hands. *Presbytery* made him an Anchorite, and *Independence* a Martyr. This kills *Charles*, and that his King. To prepare the Ax is little better than to give the Blow.

*The Presbyter and Independant,
Had in their turns been both ascendant;
And tho' the latter got the Saddle,
The former did him first disable ;
From whence, upon the whole we note,
One bound him, t'other cut his Throat ;
And 'tis in Law almost the same,
To lend the Sword as kill the Man.*

Now we see what 'tis to be made a glorious King by Rebels ; what the Devil's Landkip means, when it promises all the Kingdoms of the Earth. In the Trial, as at the general Dooms-Day, all appear nak'd. Now there is none disguised, but by *Gray*, or the Hangman ; hencetorth take heed of Vizards, tho' never so holy. Murthers
are

are but committed in Masquerade, but yet all their Slaughters are Expiations, and their Hands are the whiter for being washed in Blood. They must be thought *Isaac*, for offering up their *Abraham*. None are marked for true *Israelites*, but those that have the Blood of this *Moses* on their Door. Thus they can sin, and yet preserve their Saintships. As *Mahomet's* Paradise is both a Brothel-house and a Nunnery: His Virgins wore it, and yet continue Vitals; are heavenly Bawds, and yet may lead Apes in Hell. We perceive at last why Plays went down; *to wit*, that Murthers may be acted in earnest. Stages must admit no Scaffolds, and personated Tragedies, real ones. Mock Shews of Cruelty are but poor Feasts to their fleshed Appetites; Leeches will suck no Pictures: They hate all Images and Fables, but must murder the King in Sincerity and Truth: No need of heightning Revels. These *Herods* can behead without the Allurements of a Dance. These Tragedians have outvied Invention, and acted what Monsters, in their most monstrous Wishes could hardly reach.

Flatteries. His Sight and his Wisdom were at first eclips'd, but the Cloud only made his Influence prove Lightning; and whom he could not illuminate, at last he scared into a Belief: But still he shewed more of the *Dove* than the *Serpent*; and 'twas the want of Gall that made him lose his Head. When Wasps and Hornets usurp the Hive, the Royal Bee suffers, because without a Sting. They turned Wolves, because the Lyon was a Lamb. All his Tyranny was not to slay, but have his Throat cut; and he now must bleed for not bleeding Seven Years before. Tumults forc'd him hence, and the last great Tumult murder'd him.

Thus, thus he dies a Prince, whose Innocence had taught Poison Allegiance, made Pistols Royalists, and kept *Rolf* from being curst: A Prince for whom *Hotham* was a Martyr, *Brown* a Prisoner, and *Shimei Prynne* undertook a Vindication *Hammond* at last becomes a Captive to his Charge. The good Apostle converts his Goaler. He disarms the Rebels even with his Fetters, and like the Hand of Providence,

is

is then most powerful, when it is thought most weak. He subdues, as if the Castle were not his Prison, but his Fort. *Hammond's* Blindness was as desperate as the Woman's. He dispossesses so fast, *Cromwel* can scarce find Devils enough to bait the Exorcist. Let the Vipers but kiss his Hand, and they are innocent. Had *Bradshaw*, that condemned him, been longer on the Bench, that *Dagon* too had fallen before the Captive Ark. But O! at the Scaffold he engrosses Miracles. That one Blow slew more Rebels than all these Seven Years. Our *Sampson* killed more *Philistines* at his Death, than all his Life-time. Now they would swear Fealty to his Trunk, and Homage to a dipt Handkerchief. They adore his very Ghost, and will atone their Rebellion, by being Subjects now there is no King. And who cannot continue Loyal to such a King, that dies for the Sins and Safety of his People? Who would refuse to be his Subjects, who is their Martyr? He acted a Christian better than most Divines can describe one; and bled Doctrines more
freely

freely than they can speak them. He shewed Graces the Schoolmen scarce ever heard of. We might edify more from the Scaffold in an Hour, than from the Pulpit in an Age. His Passion was greater than all Queen *Mary's* Days; and he suffered more than all the *Book of Martyrs*.

*If murd'ring Kings be meritorious,
And the right way to make 'em Glorious;
To shew the utmost they could do,
They murder King and Kingdom too;
And as they say good Deeds are best
That are more secret than the rest,
That they in no respect might err,
They mask the Executioner.*

*But some give this a different Turn,
And argue with Revenge and Scorn,
That these immortal Rogues in grain,
Murder'd the King purely for Gain;
That they might seize on his Dominions,
And parcel it among their Minions.
Others*

*Others there are pretend to know,
That Reprobate that gave the Blow,
Had neither Modesty nor Grace,
Altho' he hid his VILLAIN's Face.
I rather think the Case lay here,
He was afraid some Cavalier
Might know him, and be so uncivil,
To send him headlong to the Devil.*



Bantring

Bantring Speeches

Printed in the
Earl of PEMBROKE's Name,

In the Time of the
Grand Rebellion,

Written by
Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.



Printed in the Year 1715.





*The Earl of PEMBROKE'S
SPEECH in Parliament,
on Monday the 19th of
December, 1642, con-
cerning Accomodation.*

MY LORDS,



HAVE not used
to trouble you with
long Speeches, I
know I am an ill
Speaker; but tho'
I am no Scholar, I
am an honest Man,
and have a good

Heart to my King and Country.

I have more to lose than many of
these who so hotly oppose an Accom-
modation;

modation : I will not forfeit mine Estate to satisfy their Humours or Ambitions. My Lords, 'tis time to look about us, and not to suffer our selves to be fooled out of our Lives, our Honours, and our Fortunes, to help those Men, who when their Turns are served, will despise us, and begin to laugh at us already.

A Fellow here of the Town, an ordinary, scurvy Fellow, told me the other Day to my Face, that he cared not if I left them to Morrow ; nay, if all the Lords (except three or four that he named, and said, he was sure would not leave them) went to the King, they should do their Business the better. Yet, my Lords, I think we have helped them : I am sure they could never have brought it to this without us, if we had not joined with them : I think the People would not have followed the House of Commons ; now they can do their Business without us : 'Twill be worse shortly, if we do not look about us.

My Lords, we were told this time Twelve-month, if we would put out the Bishops out of the Lords House, no farther

farther Attempt should be made upon the Church: I am sure I was promised so, by some who would be thought honest Men; and when I told them it was reported that they meant to take away Episcopacy, and the Book of Common-Prayer; they protested to me, that in the first they intended nothing, but to appoint some godly Ministers to assist the Bishops in Ordination, and some other things that I do not understand: And for the Book of Common-Prayer, they who were strictest against it, and would never be present at it, assured me, that if it were once confirmed by Act of Parliament, (for they said many things were put into it by the Bishops, without Authority) they would be content: And, on my Conscience, so they would, if they had the Places they then look'd for.

Now nothing will content them, but no Bishop, no Book of Common-Prayer; and shortly it will be, no Lords, no Gentlemen, and no Books at all, for we have Preachers already that can neither Write nor Read.

My

My Lords, I wonder what we shall get by this War; we venture more than other Men: I am sure I venture more than Five Hundred of them; and the most I can look for, is to 'scape Undoing. What between being a Traytor, and being a Malignant, we have but a narrow Way to walk in: We hear every bafe Fellow say in the Street, as we pass by in our Coaches, that they hope to see us a Foot shortly, and to be as good Men as the Lords; and I think they will be as good as their Words, if we take this Course.

They say they will have no Peace without Truth. Death! Have we no Truth? Have we lived all this while in Ignorance? I think our Fathers were as wise Men as they. Had we no Truth in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time? Have not all our famous learned Divines been able to teach us Truth, but must we learn it only out of Tubs?

My Lords, I am no Scholar, but I understand Men; and I had rather continue Ignorant still, than enjoy the Truth these Men would have. I have served the King's Father, and Himself;
and

and tho' I have been so unhappy as to fall into his Displeasure, no Body shall perswade me to turn Traytor ; I have too much to lose.

I am a true Protestant, and I love the King and Kingdom ; and I am sure War is good for neither of them. I would every Bodies Faults were forgiven them ; and I think we should all then take heed how we committed new.

Good my Lords, let us have Peace ; and if these Men will not consent to it, let us think of some other Way to get it.



The



*The Earl of PEMBROKE'S
SPEECH to the House
of Peers, when the Lords
were accused of High-
Treason, 1647.*

My Lords,



YOU know I seldom
make Speeches, yet
(my Lords). Every
Thing would fain
live; and now I must
either find a Tongue,
or lose my Head: I am
accused for sitting here, when your
Lordships fled to the Army. Alas!
my Lords, I am an old Man, I must sit:
You

You may ride or run any whither, but I am an old Man: You voted them Traytors who left the House, and went to *York*; they told us then, they were forc'd away by Tumults: Do not you say so too? Were they Traytors for going, and am I a Traytor for staying? 'Sdeath, my Lords, what wou'd you have me do? Hereafter I'll neither go nor stay. I have served you seven Years; what have you given me, unless part of a Thanksgiving Dinner, for which you made me fast once a Month? I was fed like a Prince at the King's Cost, twice every Day, long before some of you were born: And this King continu'd, nay, outdid his Father, in heaping Favours upon me; yet (for your sakes) I renounc'd my Master when he had most need of me; voted against him, swore against him, hired Men to fight against him: I confess I myself never struck at him, nor shot at him, but I pay'd for those that did: I gave my Tenants their Leases Fine-free, if they would rise and resist the King; and yet, my Lords, after all this, must I be a Traytor? Have not I

F

sworn

sworn for you over and over, and over again? You sent me on your Errands to *Oxford*, to *Uxbridge*, to *Newcastle*, to *Holdenby*; you hurried me up and down as if I had been a King; you made me carry a world of Propositions; I brought them all safe and sound; what you bid me say, I spake to a Syllable; and had the King ask'd me how old I was, without your Commission I should not have told him; and yet, my Lords, I am an old Man: Remember how I stuck to you against *Strafford* and *Canterbury*; some of you shrunk at *Strafford's* Trial, so that your Names were like to be posted for Malignants; and for *Canterbury*, many of you would have had him live. My Lord of *Northumberland*, and others, would have no hand in his Blood; but I gave you the *casting Voice*, that sent him packing into another World, and yet now would you send me after him? Have not I sat with you early and late? when the Parliament tumbld and toss'd, and roll'd it self on this side and on that side, still I was for the Parliament: Tho' I stay'd here with Presbyterian Lords,

Lords, yet when you return'd, I was firm to you. All the other Lords left you in the House, when Sir *Tho. Chaplin* gave Thanks for your Return : but I stay'd and pray'd with you, and am (for ought I know) as great an Indendant as any of you all. I Rejoic'd with you, Fasted, Sung Psalms, Pray'd with you, and hereafter will run away with you: Nay, I had done it now; but who knew your Minds? If you meant I should follow you, why did you not wink upon me? Think you I could run away by Instinct? My Lords, you know I love Dogs, and (tho' I say it) I thank God I have had as good Dogs as any in *England*. Now, my Lords, if a Dog follow me when I do not call him, I bid him *be gone*; if I call him, and he comes not, then I beat him; but if I beat him for not coming, when I never call'd him, you'll think me mad. 'S Death, my Lords, 'Tis a *poor Dog is not worth the whistling for*.

But, perhaps, my Fault is not meer staying here, but being active in your absence; because in my Robes and Collar of S.S. I brought up Mr. *Pelham*,

the Commons new Speaker. Why what if I did? Is not Mr. *Pelham* my own Cousin? Would your Lordships have me uncivil to my Kindred? Why might not I entertain the new Speaker, as well as Sir *Robert Harley* entreat us to admit him? Mr. *Pelham* is none of Sir *Robert's* Cousin, and yet Sir *Robert* is an Old Man.

I hear some say, that I was forward to begin a new War; that my Hand is to all the Warrants for Lifting Men and Horse, and in order thereunto I voted His Majesty should come to *London*. 'Tis true, my Lords, I did give my Vote for the King's coming hither; but wherefore was it? 'Twas only to choose a new Speaker. What! would ye have us dumb, and sit here like Ferrets? My Lords, I love to hear Men speak; and all the Lawyers told me, *No King, no Speaker*; That either the Commons must name their Speaker, and the King approve him; or the King name him, and the Commons approve him: *No King, no Speaker*. And so I was for the King, that is, for the Speaker.

Then

Then (my Lords) observe the Manner of his coming: The King was to come according to the *Covenant*; mark ye that. I was still for my *Oaths*: Let him come when he will; if the *Covenant* fetch him, he had as good stay away: And yet Men cry shame on the *Covenant*. Those that took it, cast it up again; and those that refuse it, have given a world of Arguments that it is unreasonable; which Reasons, our Assembly (like a Company of Rascals) never yet answer'd. I know, my Lords, many of our Friends never took this Oath, but they refus'd it out of meer Conscience. Shall malignant Consciences be as tender as ours? Why, what do they think our Consciences are made of? But, my Lord, suppose this Oath be unreasonable: Can we do nothing but we must give a Reason for it? This is as bad as the House of Commons; who, when we deny to pass any Ordinance, presently send to know our Reasons, tho' themselves give no Reasons for demanding ours; and so Malignants would have *reasonable Oaths*: Only here's the Difference, the House of Com-

mons do use to demand Reasons : 'Tho' I hold the *Covenant* is extream reasonable; for as some Malignants take it to save their *Estates*, so we give it to make them lose their *Estates*; both love their *Estates*, and both hate the *Covenant*. Thus, my Lords, we have Reason for this Oath, and your Lordships have no Reason to make me a Traitor, while I give my Vote according to *Covenant*.

As for Signing Warrants to raise a new Army, I wonder you'll speak of it. Have not you all done it a hundred times? How many Reams of Paper have we subscrib'd to raise Forces for *King and Parliament*? 'Tis well known I can scarce write a Word besides my Name: Can't a Man write his own Name without losing his Head? If I must give Account for what I set my Hand to, *Lord have mercy upon me*. I see now my Grandfather was a wise Man, he could neither write nor read; and happy for me were I so too. Come, come, my Lords, be plain, and tell me, Do I look like one that would raise a new War? I must confess, I love a good Army; but if there be none till I
raise

raise it, *Soldiers of Fortune* may change their Name. No, my Lords, 'twas not I, 'twas the *Eleven Members* would have raised a War. You see they were guilty, by their running away: I neither ran with them, nor with you; I don't like this running away, I love to stay by it. And whether was for War, I that stay'd in Town, or you that went to the Army? The Devil a Horse did I list, but in my new Coach, nor used any Harness, but my Collar of *SS*; and will you for this clap me in the *Tower*? You sent me thither six Years since, but for handling a Standish, and you'll commit me for writing my Name? What, my Lords, do you hate Learning? Can you not end nor begin a Parliament without sending me to the *Tower*? Do your Lordships mean to make me a Lord Mayor? If I needs must go, pray send me home to *Baynard's Castle*, or *Durham-house*: A damnable Fire burnt my House at *Wilton* just that Hour I mov'd your Lordships to drive Malignants out of *London*. But why to the *Tower*? Am I Company for Lyons? Do you think me a Cat-a-mountain, fit

to be shewn thro' a Grate for Two Pence? No, my Lords, keep the *Tower* for *Malignants*, they can endure it; some of them have been Prisoners seven Years; they can feed upon bare Allegiance, please themselves with Discourses of Conscience, or Honour, of a Righteous Cause, and I know not what; but what's this to me? How will these *Malignants* look upon me? Nay, how shall I look upon them? I confess, some of them love my Son's Company; They say, He's more a Gentleman, and has Wit. 'S Death, my Lords, must I turn Gentleman? I thought I had been a Peer of the Realm; and am I now a Gentleman? Let my Son keep his Wit, his poor Father never got Two Pence by his Wit. Alas! my Lords, what Hurt can I do you? Or what Good will it do you to have my Head? I am but a Ward; my Lord *Say* hath disposed of me these Seven Years: I am no Lawyer, tho' the *Littletons* call me Cousin; I am no Scholar, tho' I have been the *University's* Chancellor; I am no Statesman, tho' I was a Privy-Counsellor. I know not what you mean by the *Three Estates*:

Last

Last June the Army demanded a Release for *Lilburn*, *Musgrove* and *Overton*; I thought they had been the three. I thank God I have a good Estate of my own, and I have the Estate of my Lord *Bayning's* Children, and I have my Lord of *Carnarvan's* Estate; these are my *Three Estates*, and yet, my Lords, must I to the *Tower*? Consider, we are but a few Lords left; come let's love and be kind to one another: The *Cavaliers* quarrel'd among themselves, beat one another, and lost all; let us be wiser, my Lords; for had we fallen into their Condition, my Conscience tells me we had look'd most wofully.

I perceive, your Lordships think better of me; and you would quit me, if I were not charg'd by the *Agitators* and *General Council of the Army*. How, *Agitators*! 'S Death, what's that? Whoever heard that Word before? I understand *Classical*, *Provincial*, *Congregational*, *National*; but for *Agitator*, it may (for ought I know) be a Knave not worth Three Pence. If *Agitators* cut Noblemens Throats, you'll find the Devil has been an *Agitator*. As for the

General Council, I hate the Name of it, 'tis old and naught, and used to be full of Bishops : Those Fellows have troubl'd us ever since the Apostles Time ; I thought we had made them poor enough and is their Name come again to torment me? *My Lords*, I understand not these *General Councils* ; those of old (they say) were *Christians*, and these are *Independants* : What a damnable deal of *Generalling* is here? *General Assembly*, *General of the Army*, *General Council of the Army* ; we never had a quiet Hour since we had so many *Generals*. Well, my Lords, these are hard Times, and we make them worse with hard Words, which neither we nor our Forefathers understood. Heretofore Bishops were *Jure Divino* ; then Elders would be *Jure Divino* ; and now *Agitators* would be *Jure Divino* : D----n me, I think nothing *Jure Divino* but God. Call you this a *thorough Reformation*? *My Lords*, if these *Agitators* must rule the Kingdom, why are not we ourselves *Agitators*? Why may not I make *Oldsworth* an *Agitator*? His Abilities and Honesty are equal to most
of

of 'em? But, for ought I see, *Agitators* will sooner be Earls of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, than we *Agitators*. For the Parliament leads the People, the Army leads the Parliament, *Cromwel* leads Sir *Thomas Ireton*, and *Ireton* leads *Cromwel*; *Agitators* will lead *Ireton*; whither the Devil shall we all be led at last?

My Lords, you see I have spoke my Mind: I hope, every Week some of your Lordships will do the like; and the *Commons* in this (tho' in nothing else) will follow the House of Peers.

But I have done, I have done, my Lords: Remember, I beseech you, that I am an Old Man: I have been a Grandfather Time out of Mind, (for I was so when this Parliament began) and now must I be Food for *Agitators*? O, my Lords, I have used the King so ill, and he lov'd me so well; and I have serv'd you so well, and you use me so ill, that no Man is sorry for me. Therefore my Request is, That you would not think of sending me to the *Tower*, till somebody pities me.

The



The Earl of Pembroke's Speech in Parliament, on the Debate of the City's Petition for a Personal Treaty with the King in London, and also on the Debate of the Reasons given by the Lords to the Commons, for not sending the three Propositions before a Treaty. 1648.

The Citizens being withdrawn, His Lordship spake as followeth :

My Lords,

¶ Thank God you had no reason
 ¶ I to make me your Speaker: And
 ¶ truly (all things considered) I
 ¶ have as little Reason to be a
 Speaker as any Man; and yet I will
 speak, for I have been learning these
 seven Years how to do it *extrumpere*;
 I have

I have help'd too to bawl down Bishops, and Scholars, and Ministers, for dumb Dogs; and do you think I'll be a dumb Dog too? A Halter I will: If I should sit still and say nothing, and let His Majesty come to *London*, that were the way to make me dumb indeed, for I can say no more for myself than a Dog. I hope the Door is fast, that the Citizens do not hear me, because I'll speak my Mind: What, tho' I do not know my own Mind, yet I'll speak it as well as I can. 'Tis known I am a true English Man, tho' I cannot speak good English, and as honest a Man too as my Lord *Say* can make me; and therefore, my Lords, now I have lived long enough with you, I mean to dye with the House of Commons, or else (they say) I shall be no Lord; and so say I to you: Grass and Hay, (my Lords) we are all mortal, and must be tied up to the Manger.

I have been for the City to in my Time, when they would pay their Money, hear Reason, and invite us to Dinners. Hang them, Rascals, they cannot say but we have given them their Belly-fulls too, (I pray God they do not hear me).

me). This time Twelve-Month they made a young Man of me, and yet (as simple as you think me) I am an old Man: They drew me into a new War, and made me wait upon a new Speaker, and vote His Majesty's coming to *London*: But I was a mad Man, I knew not what I did then; for if the Army had not had the more Mercy, I had been a Traitor as well as the rest, for ought I know. Do you think then I'll vote the King home again? No, I warrant you, I am an old Bird, and scorn Chaff, or to be made a Traitor any more for any King in *Christendom*. I am an old Thing made new now: My Man *Michael* tells me I am an Independent. I think I am a good Christian; ay, but Citizens and *Scots* are *Jews*, and who knows but that Personal Treaty may be a new Name for Popery?

You may bring in Popery, and break the Covenant, if you please, my Lords, but I dare not. I am sure we have gotten well by it, we have Reason to regard it, for we have gotten the Crown Lands, Church-Lands, the Cavaliers Lands, every Man's Lands too,
if

Earl of PEMBROKE. III

if we please, and the Devil and all :
And how shall we keep them, if we do
not keep to the Covenant? For my part
I'll keep to my Oaths, and rather than
part with them, *D-----* I'll swear down
all this Personal Treaty.

And good Reason too, for they say it
will undo all that we have been doing
these seven Years: And for my part, I
thought all had been undone already,
then what needs any more undoing by
a Treaty? My Lords, if we must undo,
let us undo as the House of Commons
do, they do one thing to Day, and undo
it to Morrow: They voted they would
never make any more Addresses to the
King, and made us vote so too, and
then they made us unvote all again.
And truly, I think this is a hard Chap-
ter, for I cannot read the Meaning of it,
but I am sure they do not mean a Treas-
ury, if they can help it.

I like the Way of sending Proposi-
tions; ay, for I love to go on Errands.
I am sure 'tis an honourable Employ-
ment for an old Man to be the State's
half-penny Boy; and I am glad the
Commons will not hear your Reasons
for

for the King's coming, before he have signed the three Propositions. For, observe, my Lords, if they should hear Reason, they might go whistle: Mistake me not, I mean if they should hear any Reason but their own, and I think that is all the Reason in the World, for it is Reason of State, or the State's own Reason. There I think I hit it; for all other Reason is malignant and High Treason. Why then should we treat with the King? For he'll talk malignant Reason, and Reason of State too; but then here's the Matter, my Lords, he will not talk the State's Reason, and therefore judge ye, whether the State have any Reason to talk with him, when he will talk nothing but Treason, and by that Means, my Lords, make you or me, or any of us all, Traitors to our Faces? Trust him that will, for my part, I shall have as little to say to him as any of you all, and yet you see I am a good Speaker, according to the State's Reason.

I think we never had a good World since we had so much Reason: For my part (I'll speak my Mind plainly) I never

ver had any Reason of my own, nor will I own ever any but *Michael Oldsworth*, and the State's; and, *By the Life of Pharaoh*, I think they two are as reasonable Creatures as any in the World. But to this Point of Reason, I mean to speak more, now I come to examine your Lordships Reasons of State, which the House of Commons have voted contrary to the State's Reason: For, as I take it, my Lords, they are the State, and you know we are all bound to submit to the State, or else we are Traytors; I am sure few of us but have been made so for not submitting, and 'tis God's Mercy we are not all Traytors. Howsoever, I'll be one no more, if I can help it, but keep as well as I can to the State's Reasons, and I advise your Lordships to do so too, for they care not a Fig for all your Reasons, nor I neither. 'SDeath, I am sure some of you have no Reason to the contrary; you know how you were whip'd with the black Rod lately, and I can tell you, there's a black Book too at the Head Quarters; if you'll do Reason, ye may, but (mark ye, my Lords) it's very dangerous

gerous to talk Reason, it's the only Way to be put in the black Book, and then you know the black God follows. I am an old Man, ay, and some of you are old enough too, but you see, we are not past whipping, and yet you will not take Warning.

However, I shall have a care of one, and in the mean time see what Reason you have to venture to talk Reason to the State. If you were their Fellow-Commoners, you might have some Reason to make bold to give them Reasons; but being as it is, methinks you might know your Distance. You say you would not have the three Propositions offered to the King before the Treaty; First, *Because the Citizens here and divers Counties have petition'd for it.* The Citizens! 'Tis true, they have brought us in a Petition here for it; but the more Rascals they: They may go home and say their Prayers; for they are not like to be heard hear. What, do they pray when they should curse? L----- do they think the State's a Chamelion, to live upon Air, good Words, and Petitions, and Treaties? They were all for a new War,

War, and drew me in too, this Time Twelve-Months, and now they are against a new War. Is there any Reason in this, when the States have not yet done their Business? Must they do and undo, as well as the State; and now by doing nothing, quite undo the State? They shall be hang'd first; d-----e, they shall. I am somewhat the more eager against this, (my Lords) because you say 'tis Reason; but yet I hope the Citizens do not hear me. I would not have all that I speak, to be spoken on the House-tops, because usually, my Lords, I seldom speak, but I am o'th' Top of the House, before I am aware. But this I say, why should they stand for Peace and Treaties, that first set afoot the War? And now, when we expect they should serve another Apprenticeship to the State to maintain the War, they meant to leave Reformation, like *Dun*, in the Mire, and are become so Popish as to cross us with Treaties. If they were for a new War this Time Twelve-Month, 'tis all the Reason in the World they should be so now. What though the Case be not the same, nor
the

the State the same now that it was then? I hope the Cause and the State are alive still, and will be as long as the King and the Cavaliers live; and out-live them too; for they are the same still, and fitter for another World than the State's World: For the State's World runs round, and hath done so these seven Years, but the King and the Cavaliers are the same still: And therefore, my Lords, I shall conclude with as good Logick as any I have left in the University, As long as the King and the Cavaliers are the same, the Cause must needs be the same, though the State be not the same, but mangled, and rent, and patch'd, and new-modell'd, and the Covenant likewise crack'd all to pieces. And where is your Reason now, my Lords? Doth it not follow then, that they ought not to take the same Course to maintain the War against the King and the Cavaliers, and not trouble the State thus with Treaties? especially seeing *Guild-Hall* is the same, the Excise, the City-bags, and publick Faith too, are all the very same still, and as full and fluent as ever. And if these Fellows
that

that come here to vex the State thus with Petitions, will not go home in Peace, to forward a new War, and be the same Men again that they have been, I hope the Army will come and pickle them up in the Tower, and serve them the same Sauce their Fellows had this Time Twelve Month: For what other End, I pray you, do we keep the Army; or the Army keep us?

And now, my Lords, that I have done with the Citizens, I shall fall upon the Counties. What have they to do with Petitions? They are out of their Calling; they should follow the Plough, and let the State alone, to Harrow and fetch in Harvest. I warrant you they had rather have a King, and see us Quarter'd, than indure any more Free-Quarter; but I think the State-Guard Quarter'd them sufficiently, and made drawn Cats of 'em, I mean the *Surrey* Men; so that I think they, or the rest, will have little Stomach again to come a Petitioning. What Reason then, my Lords, have you to regard what they say for a Treaty? They can but talk (you see) and the State can fight, and be
ne'er

ne'er the more Traytors for it; but if these fight, they are Traytors presently, as soon as we have conquer'd them. I tell you, my Lords, if the State had voted me a Soldier, I would have no more Mercy upon these Fellows than if they were Traytors in Gingerbread. What though they would bite? I have ventur'd e're now the tender'st Member that I have with a biting Thing, and lain in a Month for it under the Surgeon's Hands; and I'll venture my Tongue with any Biter of them all, but I'll be sure to have a care of my Head for the Service of the State; and who knows, whether I may keep it if there be a Treaty? But I wonder what good my Head would do them: I am not weary of it yet, for I never much troubled it, nor have been much troubled with it, and yet I should be much troubled to part with it. 'Tis true, I for my part never got any thing by it, and I suppose no Body else will: Therefore they had as good let it alone. But neither you have any Reason to venture yours, nor I mine. And therefore to this Part of your Reason, my Lord,

Lord, I say the Counties are as very Rascals as the Citizens, that would have us to pull an old House upon our Heads by a Personal Treaty: They would have a Disbanding of the Army too, would they? But they shall snap short; for I love the Army, d-----e, I do dearly. Sink me, they would have us disband, I think too, and sit no longer; but if the Army will love us, we'll love the Army; for why should the Counties be so much against the Soldiers, poor Wretches! Consider, my Lords, an'twere your own Case; for it might have pleased God to have made some of us Soldiers. And so, my Lords, I think I have maul'd your first Reason against the three Propositions.

Your second Reason is, *Because His Majesty hath often declared, that he will sign nothing till all Things be concluded, and therefore, that the sending of those three must needs cause Delay to the Treaty.* I would have you to know, my Lords, I am not for Delays, I hate them; for I think I am as hasty as any Man; but yet I care not, if we delay a Treaty with God or the
King

King till Dooms-day, and that I think is a fair time: for it may be to Morrow, for ought we know: And it is a very fit Time, I think, since His Majesty will agree to nothing till the Conclusion of all Things. I wish him well, he was my Master, but I care not much for seeing him, nor for kissing his Hand; I can kiss my Lady *May*, and she is my Mistress. I care not for kissing of Men: I am an old Man, and it is not for me to be kissing: But if she be for a Personal Treaty, then indeed this Reason holds good against Delay, and I am of your Opinion.

Then you say too, *It is contrary to the Rules of Treating, to grant any Thing before the Treaty.* Have we done what we list all this while, and must we go by Rule now? Then it will follow too, that we must let the King rule again. He is in a fine Condition to rule, is he not? I thought we could have ruled one another better than he. I am sure my Lord *Say* rules me, as well as ever I would desire; and I believe he rules you as well as me; and then we can never be against the Rules of Treating,
as

as long as he rules the Roast, because he says a Treaty is out of all Rule, and none but unruly Fellows do stand for it, and it is not for our Honours, my Lords, to be unruly: But d-----, I think we cannot be unruly; for we have as good a Disciplin'd Army as any is in the World, to rule us.

But Ifay further, *That it was the Desire of the Scots to have His Majesty come to some of his Houses near London, and therefore we should yield to it presently, to keep a fair Correspondence with them.* D----- and sink me, my Lords, what have we to do with them now? We had occasion to use them a while ago; but now that they have helpt us to conquer the King, we have done with them. We, my Lords, must be ruled, but the Scots, you see, are the Lords of Misrule. For my part, I'll have nothing to do with them; I cannot abide a Scot; for a Scot switch'd me once and crack'd my Crown with my own Staff, in the Verge of my Lord-Chamberlainship, and now they are all coming to switch you too. They say *Hamilton* is their General: He is a
G Duke;

Duke; I cannot abide a Duke, because I am not one my self: But do not I look as like a Duke as *Hamilton*? Well, I might have been one, if I had had Wit enough to keep that Honour which I had: But I had Honour; what then had I to do with Wit? That's for poor Rogues; for Wit and Honour seldom meet together. I know many Men count Swearing to be Wit; and if I had been so witty as to keep close to my Oaths at Court, and not broke them by playing false with the King, and forswear my self by taking the State's Oaths, and the Scots Oath, D----- I had been as good a Duke before this Time, as any Scot of them all. But hang Dukes, we are Princes now, an't please the Commons.

As for the King's coming to one of his Houses, I know not what that means, for he hath never a House: I say they are the States's House time out of Mind, at least these seven Years, ever since his Majesty was turn'd out of Doors. I am afraid, if he should come to any of his Houses, and we not agree with him, nor let him be King again, we shall be turn'd out of our House, and the Commons out

of their House; and then we shall not have a House to hide our Heads in. Mark ye too, my Lords, it must be to some one of his Houses near *London*. How d'ye like that? I am sure some of you have no Houses near *London*, and ye thought to make bold with his Majesty's. 'Sdeath, I thought ye had hous'd him for that Purpose, and will ye now give over House-keeping?

You say likewise, there is more reason to offer Treaty with him now, than there was heretofore at *Oxford* and *Uxbridge*. Well, my Lords, you may do what you will. Sink me, if I don't live and die with the House of Commons. I am for the State: ay, But if you'll undo your selves with Reason, I can't help it: you see the Cavaliers have undone themselves with it already. And if you'll beggar yourselves with it too, and leave me to keep House here by myself, you may. You know the House of Commons and I are all one; and if you leave the House of Peers to me and two or three more, the Commons House and ours will soon be all one too. Hang Reason then, will you provoke the State.

and leave my Company for a little Reason? You know whither my Lord of *Holland* is gone for his Reason, and what's become of my Lord *Francis* and the rest, and where I am that have Reason. You talk of treating at *Oxford* and *Uxbridge*. 'Tis true, His Majesty baffled us with Reason: But how hath he prospered after it? I believe it never did any Body any good; and I am sure, tho' we had no Reason to get the better, yet we got the better with no Reason: And therefore because we thrived so well then without Reason, I think 'tis wisely done to deal out of all Reason ever since. And so, my Lords, I think I have tickled you for all your Reasons, against our sending of the Three Propositions before a Treaty.

Now, my Lords, in the next place, I'll prove the Propositions themselves to be so reasonable, that I know you'll never trust to your own Reasons again. What tho' they are unreasonable, yet they are not so if I keep to my former Distinction, that is, not according to Reason of State, but the State's Reason; for seeing a Treaty would quite undo
the

the State, sure 'tis all the Reason in the World, they should propound Things out of Reason, on purpose to prevent Treating. Therefore I'll maintain the first Proposition is most reasonable, that the King should recal all Proclamations and Declarations against us, and well he 'scapes so too; for I am sure he slander'd us sufficiently with a Matter of Truth, though he call'd us out of our Names. 'S Death! which of all us are Rebels and Traitors? Do I look like one? What, am I a *Faux* or a *Catesby*? I am sure I had no Hand in this last Powder-Plot; nor the first neither: I scorn to be a Traytor; ay, D---e. What, Declarations and Proclamations to cut off our Heads, and not recal them? You may chuse whether you'll have 'em recall'd or no; but, sink me, I'll have 'em recall'd. What, shall our Heads be fitted with an Iron Capcase, and set a sunning these Dog-days upon the top of the House here, to spoil our Complexions? D-----e, we must all come to't, if we be Rebels and Traytors: Traytor then in his Face, if he will not recal his Proclamations; for they will make us

Traytors, in spight of our Teeths, if we do not make them Treason against the State. What tho' the House of Commons have made us Traytors in many Things in spight of our Teeths, I hope the State may do any thing, and beno Treason: Therefore I say these Proclamations are Treason against the State, and so not to recal them, is to be a Traytor against the State.

But the Cavaliers say, if the King recals them, then he makes himself and them to be the Traytors. And all the Reason in the World, believe me; for do what we can, we cannot make them Traytors; why then should not he make them so to our Hands? For I am sure we use them like Traytors; and one had better be Traytors, I think, than us'd so: But they are stubborn Fellows; their Shoulders are broad enough to bear any thing, and therefore the State hath Reason to makethem theTraytors. I remember, when they proclaim'd my Lord of *Essex* a Traytor, and my Lord *Say* here a Traytor, and all that stuck to them Traytors, I am sure I stuck to them close, and yet I think we are never

ver the worſe Traytors for being proclaim'd. What's a Proclamation? I am ſure there are ſome in the State that have torn his Maſteſty's Proclamations. How can they be Traytors then? But I'll tell you, my Lords, who are the Traytors. The King's evil Counſellors are the Traytors; for they never left him till we ſhut him up cloſe Priſoner, and put them away. We are the King's great Council now: What tho' we will not let him come amongſt us; yet I am ſure we are his beſt Council; for we ſave him a great deal of Trouble, and diſpatch all Things for him, without a Hearing, and ſo I hope we ſhall diſpatch him too, if he will not recal. Judge you then, my Lords, whether he had not beſt recal his Proclamations.

Now, for the ſecond Propoſition for ſettling of Church-Government, there is all the Reaſon in the World for it: For I ſay, every Tub ought to ſtand upon his own Bottom: Why then ſhould not the Church of *England* be ſettled upon a *Scotch* Bottom? Here's ſuch a deal of do about a Church and Religion; I tell you plainly, my Lords, I am an Independent;

pendent; I love it better than Presbytery; and yet I think they are both but a Tale of a Tub: But howsoever, it is an ill Tub that hath no Bottom: Therefore, my Lords, I keep my first Saying, the Church will never be settled, till every Tub stands upon his own Bottom. Judge you then, whether I am not fit to be a Reformer. The Assembly says, we must reform according to the Word of God. For my part, I never trouble myself to read a Word of it, and yet you know I am an Assembly-man. What need I read the Word of God, when I keep a Chaplain to read it? Besides, they say the Reading of it would spoil my Oaths, and I'll not leave one Word of my Oaths for all the Word of God: But I am willing to be rid of the Scotch Oath, because they say 'tis taken out of the Word of God, and it may be so for ought I know. But yet I would fain keep the Covenant, because it hath kept many of us these hard Times, and because it keeps the Bishops away from us. I cannot abide Bishops, they have so much Learning and Antiquity: I hate Surplices too, ever since Mr. *Henderson* preached

ed it up for the Whore of *Babylon's* Smock. It seems he had taken it up often, for he had many a Bout with her, (as Mr. *Sedgwick* says) now and anon too: But hang the Whore of *Babylon*; she is an old Whore, and I am an old Man, (I thank God) but I cannot abide old Whores, nor you neither, my Lords, I hope. Therefore judge you, whether His Majesty ought not to settle Church-Government presently, that all old Whores may be excommunicated.

As for our third Proposition, for the settling of the Militia, I know not well what to say to it. This Militia is a hard Word, and so is Publick Faith, but yet the Citizens made a shift to swallow it: The Devil's in their Guts, they will down with any thing these hard Times; and they will down with Militia too, if we would let them. Sure it is a very hard Word; for we have much ado to make His Majesty part with it, and we are as loth to part with it as His Majesty. But I think we have made him part with it in spite of his Teeth. What tho' he will not give it us, we have it already; and we are Fools (I think)

if we do not keep it. What, take away our Arms? Does he think to make the State cross the Cudgels, and be Popish again? The State shall order *Hammond* to trip up his Heels first, and if he cannot do it, *Rolph* shall go and make him kick up his Heels. He is a Member of the State's Militia; he may do it, d---e, he may; for no body that I see dares question him. Judge you then, whether his Majesty had not as good let us cut his Throat with the Militia, as without it. And so, my Lords, I think the three Propositions are very reasonable, and that you will never trouble the State with any more Reasons against them.

Now, my Lords, for the City's Petition here before us, I have but one Word more to say. I say, their Petition is worse than your Reasons. They would have a Treaty too, and no Propositions; but they are not half so mannerly to the State as your Lordships; for you give Reasons, but they bring not a Word of Reason that I can understand; and yet they will have no Nay to a Treaty. Hang 'em Rascals, it is to save
their

their Purfes; they had rather fave their Purfes, than themfelves or the State: But D-----e, their Purfes and they are both Reprobates, and therefore I fay the State muſt d---n them both. It's poſſible in Time the State may hang them for all their Services; I do not mean the Aldermen in their own Chairs; for the Troopers will find other Ware for Execution: And well they deſerve it; for the poor Army hath taken the Pains to conquer the Kingdom and them too; and yet the Churls are ſo miſerable they never could find in their Hearts to give them ſo much as one Meal of Thankſgiving; therefore I think after their Cold Breakfast before *Colcheſter*, they had beſt come and fall aboard upon the City. I am ſure they have ſome Friends here that will bid them welcome: *Skippon* hath a thouſand Horſe for the Purpoſe, and I think they will help pretty well to fetch Recruits out of theſe dogged Fellows of the City, and keep out a perſonal Treaty.

Then mark, my Lords, they'll have this Treaty to be in *London*; no other Place will ſerve them to have the King

in but *London*: I thought they had Kings enough at *London* already: But they'll have King *Charles*; that's a malignant Word if you put but God to it; for it is the Cavaliers Word, and I am for neither. I hope, my Lords, you will be so too, and not turn Cavaliers now at last; for what should we do with King *Charles*? Which of us can look him in the Face? D-----e, I think you have as little Reason to treat with him as I. Well, my Lords, I have spoken my Mind; I pray you do not order the Printing of my Speech; for I would not have every body know my Mind before my self. I should speak oftner if I might be less in Print; for a Speech in Print is near kin to Learning, and I hate Learning; I hate a King; I hate King *Charles*. Do you do so too, and let's love one another, and be obedient to the State: For, D-----e, Sink me and Ram me nine Miles into the Bottom of a Hedge, we are undone, if we do not make Slaves of the City, and keep off a personal Treaty.

The

The Earl of PEMBROKE'S
S P E E C H.

MY Lord Mayor, and you Gentlemen of the City, I am commanded, and the Reason that makes me trouble you at this time with saying any thing, is by reason of a Letter I have receiv'd from the Committee, which I think is a Letter of some Consequence, and fitting for you to see; otherwise I am so ill a Speaker, after such a Declaration made to you, I have not the Boldness to say any thing to you: But truly, tho' I say little, and have a bad Tongue, yet I ever had so good a Heart to this Business, that I shall ever live and die in it.

Gentlemen, You have shew'd yourselves like brave and noble Citizens; you have done it with that Nobleness, with that Alacrity, with that Love to God, King and Parliament, that none of
your

your Ancestors before you never shew'd more Love, nor Care, nor Zeal, nor perform'd that you have done better: I have only this to say to you, If the Times are such (not that I think there is any great Peril in the King's Army now, for they have told you nothing but Truth) yet when you have seen this Letter, you will find there is very good Cause for you to crown this Work, which must be by following it, with the same Zeal, Love, Care and Nobleness, and Alacrity; which if you do, you may well crown your selves with the Name of a glorious City; and none more.

The LETTER.

For His Excellency the Earl of Cumberland, Lord General of His Majesty's Forces in the North.

MY very good Lord, Your Lordship's of the twentieth of this Month I have receiv'd by Stockdale, and have
read

read it to His Majesty; who willed me to signify to your Lordship, that he is well pleased with your Lordship's continuing the Sheriff in his Place, albeit he sent a Writ for his Discharge: His Majesty takes a special notice of your Lordship's Vigilancy and Care, in the Trust he hath reposed in your Lordship; as he hath by many very gracious Expressions declared at several times openly, upon Conference of your Business in that County: Your Lordship's Care of my Lady Dutcheſs of Buckingham, is (I assure you) very well taken by His Majesty. Sir Ralph Hopton, and other Gentlemen in the West, have raised ten thousand Horse and Foot, with which they have already disarmed all Persons in Cornwall, that are disaffected to the King; they have taken Lancaſton, and are marching into Devonshire, to disarm the Disaffected there; and so intend to come to meet the King at London: Here are also in Wales about 6 or 7 thousand Men levied for the King, which are to be under the Marqueſs Hartford, that will be ready upon all Occasions to come

to

136. SPEECHES of the

to His Majesty; but we hope he will not need their Help, having given the Earl of Essex such a Blow, as they will make no haste again to adventure themselves in that Cause against God's Anointed. I shall refer your Lordship to the Relation of the Bearer, for the Particulars. To Morrow His Majesty marcheth towards London, by Oxford. I'm so full of Business, as I must crave your Lordship's Pardon that I write so briefly: But I am nevertheless,

Your Lordship's

most humble Servant,

Edgescot, North-
ampton; Oct. 24.
1642..

Edward Nicholas.

The

The Last Will and
TESTAMENT
OF THE
Earl of PEMBROKE.

By Mr. *SAMUEL BUTLER*.



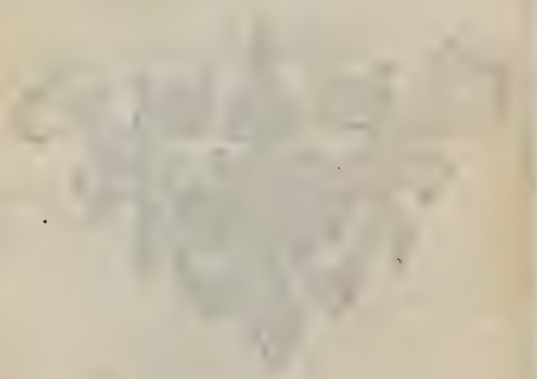
L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1715.

THE HISTORY OF
THE

REIGN OF
JAMES THE FIRST

BY
JOHN BURNET



LONDON:
Printed by J. Streater, at the

Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1679.



The Last Will and Testament of the Earl of Pembroke.

 *Philip*, late Earl of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, now Knight for the County of *Berks*, being (as I am told) very weak in Body, but of perfect Memory; for I remember this time five Years I gave the casting Voice to dispatch old *Canterbury*; and this time Two Years I voted no Address to be made to my Master, and this time Twelve Month saw him brought to the Block: Yet because Death doth threaten and stare upon me, (who still have obeyed all those that threatned me) I now make my last Will and Testament.

Imprimis, For my Soul, I confess I have heard very much of Souls, but what they are, or whom they are for, God knows, I know not; they tell me
now

now of another World, where I never was, nor do I know one Foot of the Way thither. While the King stood I was of his Religion, made my Son wear a Cassock, and thought to make him a Bishop; then came the Scots and made me a Presbyterian; and since *Cromwel* entered, I have been an Independent. These (I believe) are the Kingdom's Three Estates, and if any of these can save a Soul, I may claim one; therefore if my Executors do find I have a Soul, I give it him that gave it me.

Item, I give my Body, for I cannot keep it, you see the Chirurgeon is tearing off my Flesh, therefore bury me, I have Church-Lands enough, but do not lay me in the Church Porch, for I was a Lord, and would not be buried where Colonel *Pride* was born.

Item, My Will is, that I have no Monument, for then I must have Epitaphs and Verses, but all my Life long I have had too much of them.

Item, I give my Dogs (the best Curs that ever Man laid Leg o'er) to be divided among the Council of State. Many a fair Day have I follow'd my Dogs,
and

and follow'd the State both Night and Day ; went whither they sent me, sat where they bid me, sometimes with Lords, sometimes with Commons, and now can neither go nor sit : Yet whatever becomes of me, let my poor Dogs not want their Allowance, nor come within the Ordinance of one Meal a Week.

Item, I give two of my best Saddle Horses to the Earl of *Denbigh*, for I fear e're long his own Legs will fail him ; but the tallest and strongest in all my Stables I give to the Academy, for a Vaulting-Horse for all Lovers of Vertue. All my other Horses I give to the Lord *Fairfax*, that when *Cromwel* and the States take away his Commission, his Lordship may have some Horse to command.

Item, I give my Hawks to the Earl of *Carnarvan* ; his Father was Master of the Hawks to the King, and he has Wit so like his Father, that I begg'd his Wardship, lest he in Time should do so by me.

Item, I give all my Deers to the Earl of *Salisbury*, who I know will preserve them, because he denied the King a
Buck

Buck out of one of his own Parks.

Item, I give my Chaplains to the Earl of *Stamford*, in regard he never used to have any but his Son; the Lord *Grey*, who being thus both Spiritual and Carnal, may beget more Monsters.

Item, I give nothing to the Lord *Say*, which Legacy I give him, because I know he will bestow it on the Poor.

Item, To the Countesses (my Sister and my Wife) I now give leave to enjoy their Estates; but my own Estate I give to my eldest Son, charging him on my Blessing to follow the Advice of *Michael Oldsworth*, for tho' I have had 30000 *l. per Annum*, yet I die not in Debt above 80000 *l.*

Item, Because I threatned Sir *Henry Mildmay*, but did not beat him, I give fifty Pounds to the Footman that cudgell'd him.

Item, My Will is, that the said Sir *Harry* shall not meddle with my Jewels; I knew him when he served the Duke of *Buckingham*; and since, how he handled the Crown Jewels; for both which Reasons I do now name him, *The Knave of Diamonds*.

Item,

Item, To Tom May, (whose Pate I broke heretofore at a Masque) I give five Shillings; I intended him more, but all that has seen his History of the Parliament, think five Shillings too much.

Item, To the Author of the Libel against Ladies, (called, *News from the Exchange*) I give 3 d. for inventing a more obscene way of Scribling than the World yet knew; but since he throws what's rotten and false on divers Names of unblemish'd Honour, I leave his Payment to the Footman that paid Sir *Harry Mildmay's* Arrears, to teach him the Difference 'twixt Wit and Dirt, and to know Ladies that are noble and chaste from downright Roundheads.

Item, I give back to the Assembly of Divines their Classical, Provincial, Congregational, National; which Words I have kept at my own Charge above seven Years, but plainly find they'll never come to good.

Item, As I restore other Men's Words, so I give Lieutenant General *Cromwel* one Word of mine, because hitherto he never kept his own.

Item,

Item, To all rich Citizens of *London*, to all Presbyterians as well as Cavaliers, I give advice to look to their Throats, for by Order of the States, the Garrison at *Whitehall* have all got Poinards, and for new Lights have bought dark Lanthorns.

Item, I give all my printed Speeches to these Persons following, viz. That Speech which I made in my own Defence, when the seven Lords were accused of High Treason, I give to Sergeant *Wild*, that hereafter he may know what is Treason, and what is not. And the Speech I made *ex tempore* to the *Oxford* Scholars, I give to the Earl of *Manchester*, Speaker *pro tempore* to the House of Peers, before its Reformation, and Chancellor *pro tempore* of *Cambridge* University, since its Reformation. But my Speech at my Election (which is my Speech without an Oath) I give to those that take the Engagement, because no Oath hath been able to hold them. All my other Speeches (of what colour soever) I give to the Academy, to help Sir *Balthazar's* Art of Well-speaking.

Item,

Item, I give up the Ghost.

Concordat cum Originali.

NATHANIEL BRENT.

CODICIL.

Before his Lordship gave his last Legacy, he mentioned other Particulars ; but his Sense and his Words grew so independent, that they could not break forth into perfect Legacies ; yet we thought fit to write what he spake, which was in his Verbis,

Item, I give---- 'SDeath, I am very Sick, and my Memory fails me ; Sink me, if I can remember what I have else to give. I have troubled my Mind with Things of this World ; but who the Devil thought Death had been so near ? Ha ! what's that ? Now 'tis at my Bed's Feet, all bloody. Murther ! Murther ! Call up my Men : Oldsworth, where a Plague are you all ? I am well holp up, to have such Comforters. What,
H was

was it but a Cat? A Pox Mew ye, do you take a Lord for a Mouſe? ---- So ho, ſo ho; there, there; O brave Jeweller. Plague on that Cur; couple him to Royster.----Come to Bed, Sweet Heart; come, Duck, come --- Pox rot ye all, where's my Coach? My Lord Mayor hath ſtay'd at *Guild-Hall* this two Hours. ---- That Cock's worth a King's Ranſom; he runs, he runs; a Thouſand Pound to a Bottle of Hay ---- Rub, rub, rub; a Pox rub; a Hundred Thouſand rubs: 'SDeath, my Bowl's bewitch'd, it has no more Biſſs than a Pudding--- I'll to the Houſe, and remove the Obſtructions for Sale of the King's Goods ---- D-----e, there 'tis again; Ha, a Man without a Head! Speak, what art thou? 'SDeath, can'ſt not ſpeak without a Head?---Ha! and there with Lawn Sleeves, comes juſt upon me, beckons me--- Ha! another yet! all in Purple! my own Maſter! I beſeech your Maſteſty let me kiſs your Hand --- No, Blood! Blood! Oh, I am undone: Help! help! Why, *Oldſworth*! Oh, where are ye all? Is this a time to ſtop your Noſes? Call up my Chaplains: Where's

Earl of Pembroke. 147

Where's *Caldicut* ; Pray, good *Caldicut*,
Pray, Pray ; Plague consume you, why
do you not Pray ?---

Concordat cum Originali.

NATHANIEL BRENT.



H 2

Ban-



Bantering

S P E E C H E S

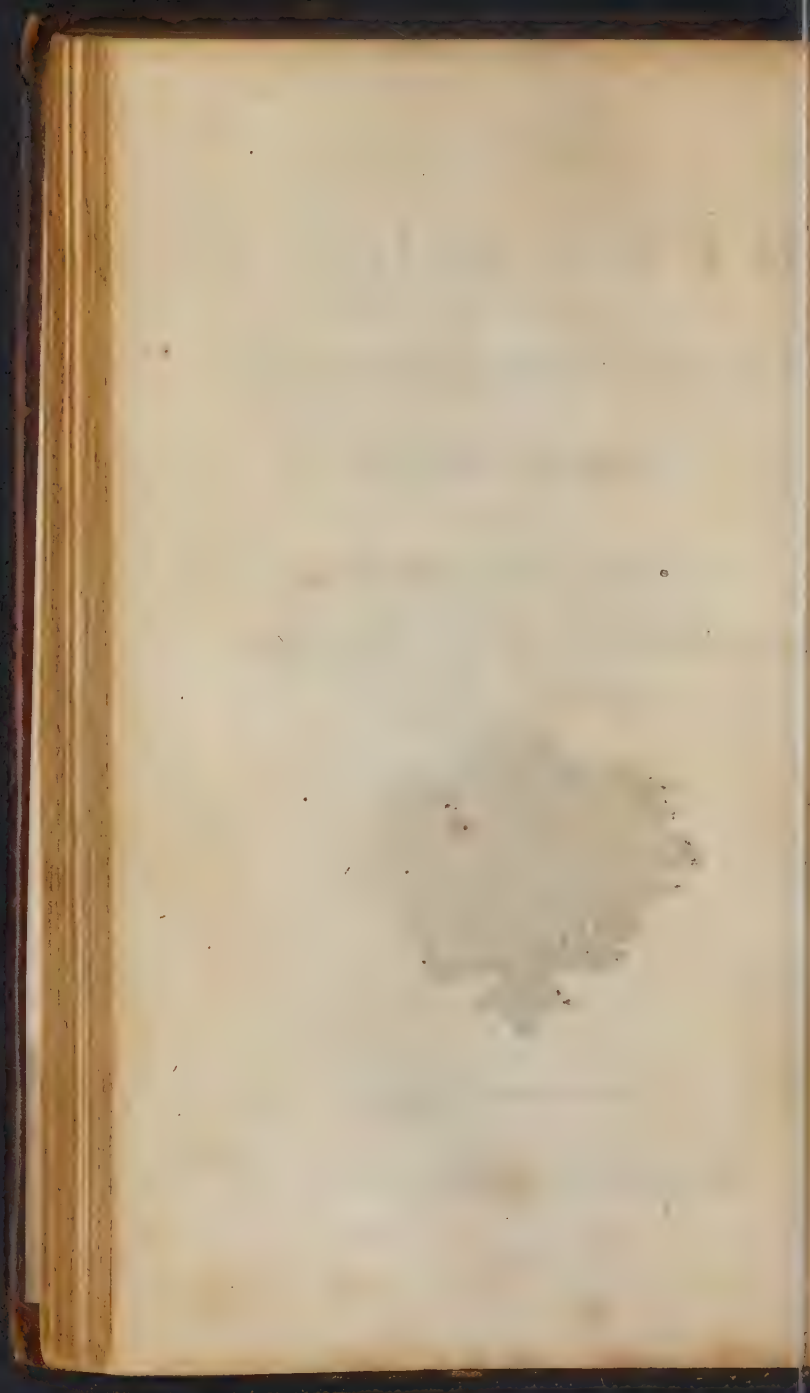
On the Thanksgiving-Day,

June 7. 1649.

By *SAMUEL BUTLER.*



Printed in the Year 1715.





*Alderman Atkin's SPEECH
before Dinner, to the
Lieutenant General, and
Lord President Bradshaw,
at Grocer's-Hall.*

OH! this blessed Day (*Mr. Speaker*)
and *marvellous in our Eyes*, to see
you become our *Supreme Head and Gover-*
nour, now that we have cut off the *King's*
Head. And (as I take it) it is one main
Reason of this Heavenly Thanksgiving
to my Lord *Lieutenant General*, and Mr.
General's Excellency for their great Pains
in the Business. Verily (*Mr. Speaker*) I
cannot chuse but weep for Joy to think

H. 4.

on't;

on't; and yet I cannot tell you for what, tho' I shall tell you by and by---- In the meantime---- *Prithee Mr. Steward set aside a Couple of Custards and a Tart for my Wife--* In the mean time (I say) I see no Reason but why I may cry as well as bawl. I say, Sir, I can bawl as well as my Lord Pembroke here, or any Man else: My Mouth was made for bawling, and I think you all know it well enough in the *House*: For you may remember how I bawl'd to the *Apprentices*, two Years since, when the *House of Commons* had like to have gone to wreck like a *Bawdy-House*. I am sure I was *Mr. Speaker* then, for you lookt as white as the *Driven Custard*, and had neither *Tongue, nor Eyes, nor Ears, nor Nose, nor Brains*, nor any thing else, but were in the same Pickle as when the *King* came to demand the *Five Members*. I wonder he did not smell me out too for a *Traytor*: For I had my *Breeches* full on't then, as I had half a Year before in *Finsbury*, at the General Muster of the new *Militia*: At which time, I pray, Sir, I was one of the *City-Colonels*, and came off cleanly (tho' I say it:) For,
being

being wounded in the Belly, I retreated Home; and having asked Counsel of a Surgeon, the Malignant Knave would not undertake me; and so the State might have lost a Servant for want of a *Plaister*, but that my *Kitchen-wench* made a shift to cure me with a *Dish-Clout*.

But having scap'd this *Scouring* (Mr. *Speaker*) and lived to see this Glorious Day, now let us sing the Song of old *Simmeon*, and depart in peace; but first let us have our *Belly-fulls*. O Death, I defy thee, for here's a good Dinner coming in; Twelve *Bucks* out of *Eltham Park*, besides those of the *City*; not a *Presbyterian Bit* (I promise you) therefore sit down, *Gentlemen*, and eat lustily; I promise 'tis well season'd. I'll pass my Word for the *Cooks*; for I was one of the *Committee* that examined them, and put them * every Man to their *Oaths*, to forswear *Rats-bane*, *Mercury*, and *Mc-narchy*. Besides, here's My Lord *President* (for more Security) hath brought a dozen *Tasters* along with him. I hope he will lend us some of them. And now,

* *Every Cook was sworn.*

H 5.

Mr.

Mr. *Speaker*, you are welcome; in the Name of my *Brethren Representatives* of the *City*, I bid you heartily welcome; you may eat, drink, and be merry; for, you have laid up Goods for many Years, and now you are laying up the *King's* Goods. *More Sacks to the Mill still.* Sit down, Mr. *Speaker*; you are a good old *Speaker*, you are the *Representative* of the *Supreme Authority*: It was the *Pope's* first, next it was the *King's*, and now it is yours, thank the *Army*. How daintily things are come about, Mr. *Speaker*, as well as you and I could wish! For, as I take it, you and I, and many more here have been at all *Thanksgivings* these Seven Years. We have waited upon his old Excellency *Effex*, and the Admiral *Warwick*; and sung *Psalms* with the *Assembly Men* here over and over: And now those *Black-birds* are all flown, and out of Tune: Here's not a Man of them but *Thomas Goodwin*, and he is every jot as honest a Man as his Namesake *John*; for neither of them cares much for saying of *Grace*: Therefore sit down, Mr. *Speaker*, we have his *New Excellency* here now, and *General Cromwell's Honour*,
that

that cares for it as little as they. Indeed you must sit down first, and My Lord Mayor next ; for the *Army* (I am sure) made us vote it so, and that the *City Sword* should be yielded up to you to make a *Thanksgiving Trencher-knife*, and so you are as good a Man as the *King*, and a better Man than My Lord Mayor ; and so you might have been still, had you given him his *Sword* again ; for you lose your Place in yielding up the *Sword*, and leave the *Supreme Authority* in My Lord Mayor and the *Army*. Howsoever sit still, Sir ; I hope the *General* will not oppose the *Votes* of the *House*, but let them pass, an't be but for *Fashion sake* ; and therefore (Mr. *Speaker*) for *Fashion sake* you sit uppermost, and next to My Lord Mayor.

I think too, for *Fashion sake* (my Lord General) your *Excellency* may sit down next. I would be loth to displease Mr. *Lieutenant General's Honour* ; I hope he will not be angry at your *Excellency*, nor me : I could wish you had voted all your Places before you came hither : But your *Excellency* may sit, I suppose ; for Mr. *Lieutenant General* looks as if he
gave

gave Leave. On my Conscience, that's a meek humble Soul, and will take some other time to set you beside the *Saddle*.

And for you, (my *Lord President*) I should have placed you uppermost; for I know none so fit to have represented the *Supreme Authority*, as you that commanded the Cutting off that *Head* of it! Oh, this *Scarlet Gown* becomes your Honour! It suits exceeding well with mine, and my *Lord Mayor's*; for you sentenced the Old *King* as a *Traytor*, and we have proclaim'd the Young *King* to be no *King*; and a *Traytor*, when we can catch him. It was a dangerous Piece of Work indeed; I was afraid, as you were, of following Dr. *Dorislaws*, the People did so threaten, as if they would have torn us for the very Rags of *Authority*, and cried up *Charles the Second* louder than we could cry him down. I think the rest of my *Brethren* carried it a little better than my self; for my *Guts* began to crow after their old Tune, and wrought like Bottle-Beer, insomuch that I wish'd for Colonel *Pride* to stop the *Bung-hole*, till the *Troopers* reliev'd us.

But

But now (my good *Lord President*) let's comfort one another: And tho' you deserve to be uppermost, yet sit down and be content with your Place. For *Fashion sake*, Mr. *Lieutenant General's* Honour is content to let it be so, till he find it convenient to turn you off, as well as his *Excellency*. Pray take it not ill that I whisper this in your Ear; for, now that he hath made you serve his Ends, he cares not, so he were rid of you, since you may serve them all as you did the *King*, in a new *High Court of Justice*, because you are pleased to let it be so.

The next Place (Mr. *Lieut. Gen.*) must needs be yours. By his *Excellency's* Leave, you are the *Saviour of the Three Kingdoms*. You are he that hath filled our Hearts this Day with Thanksgiving and Gladness. You trained the *King* into a Snare at *Carisbrook Castle*, and fooled and routed all his *Party*. You set up a *High Court* to cut him off, and you lie at catch for his *Son*. You have made us a *Common-wealth*, that is (as *Malignants* say) have given us Power to put a *Finger* into every *Man's Purse* and *Pocket*.

ket. You have made the People the Supreme Authority, and left them no Laws. And well done (Sir) for what should we do with any Law but the Sword? Or what Law like Liberty of Conscience and Power met together? You it is that lead his Excellency by the Nose like a Bear, and at last will bring him to the Stake. You have new moulded the City: You are the Joy of our Hearts, the Light of our Eyes, and the Breath of our Nostrils; tho' Cavaliers call you the Cut-throat of our Lives and Liberties: For which we set this Day apart to give Thanks to GOD, and a Dinner to you, and somewhat else into the Bargain, as you shall see after Dinner. In the meantime fall to; a Short Life and a Merry one; and so give me leave to conclude heartily with Part of the Lord's Prayer (tho' I do not use it) *Thy Kingdom come*; or as the Thief did upon the Cross, *Remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom*; and I promise you faithfully I will never besit the Palace.

Alderman



*Alderman PENNINGTON'S
SPEECH at the Present-
ing of the Golden Bason and
Ewer unto the General;
with a Plate of 30l. va-
lue, and 200l. in Gold in
a Purse, to the Lieutenant
General.*

GIVE Ear, O Heavens, and regard,
O Earth! May it please your Ex-
cellency to open your Mouth wide, and
I shall fill it. I *Isaac Pennington*, Alder-
man of *London*, confess my self altoge-
ther unable to speak the Praises due
unto your self, Mr. *Lieutenant General*,
and all the faithful Officers and Soldiers
of your *Army*. Yet why should I hold my
peace?

peace? I will speak, tho' I cannot speak; and tho' I cannot speak, I will not keep silence. Some have been so bold as to brand me for a *crakt Vessel*; yet I have been *meet for my Master's Use*; and they shall find me as sound as *sounding Brass*, or as a *tinkling Cymbal*. *Moses* was a Man flow of Speech, yet he was a great *Leader*; and so have I been, and so is your *Excellency*. But as for Mr. *Lieutenant General*, tho' he be such a one too; yet he hath the *Tongues of Men and Angels* so much at his *Devotion*, that the very Noise of them drowns the Fame of your *Excellency*, and swallows up your *Senses*.

For my part, I bless GOD exceedingly for you both; for all your *Labour of Love*, in *Gun-Powder* and *Gospel*, and carrying on that glorious Work of *Reformation*; which, tho' I began in *Desperation*, yet you have brought it to *Perfection*. Henceforth therefore *all Generations* shall call you *Blessed*, and me no *mad Man*, tho' I have been as mad as any of you all; and yet I think I am fit enough to deliver the Sense of the *City*, who by me returns you *Thanks*
for

for the great Pains you have taken in purging the *malignant Presbyterians* out of the *Common-Council*, as well as the *House*; by which means you made a shift to *new model* the *City* as you did the *Army*, turning out all that were not of your own Temper: So that we are all now of one Soul and one Mind, and lay all *Things in Common* for the use of the *State*, but what is our own.

Add to these Things, your borrowing Money of the *City*, but never paying them again, your breaking all their Privileges, and putting daily Affronts upon them, your Imprisoning, Fining, Assessing, Taxing, Excising, Free-quartering, and Fleecing all their *Fellows*; your conquering them by Treachery, and riding thro' their Streets in Triumph, your over-awing them with the *Military* Power, and destroying their Trade by Land, and Traffick by Sea. For all which unexpressible Favours, with the Extirpation of *Presbytery*, and the Suppressing of *Levellers*, they conceive themselves bound to return an Acknowledgment, and rejoyce in the Opportunity of Dedicating this.

this *Day of Thanksgiving* unto you and your *Bellies*.

But since Man lives not by Bread only, but by Killing of *Kings* and *Loyal Subjects*, and seizing on their Goods and Estates, and turning them into Money; since *Gold* is the only Goddess of this *Reformation*, and the *Saints* cannot establish their *King* without it; since your *Excellency*, and your *Lieutenant General Guardian*, have vouchsafed us this Favour of a Visit, which you denied to the *Presbyters*, we here present your *Excellency* with the same *Golden Bason* and *Ewer*, which you refused from their Hands. It cost them one *Thousand Pounds*; and because it was of their Providing, we can the more freely bestow it upon you. I have been an old *Thanksgiving Sinner*, as well as *Mr. Speaker*, or any of them all, in the Days of old *Essex*, who (I am sure) never received such a *Present* for his Pains, but was content to be fobb'd off with a *Close-stool* and a Pipe of *Tobacco*; which was the Reason, I conceive, why my Brother *Atkins* here, in those Days, kept so close to him after Dinner.

And

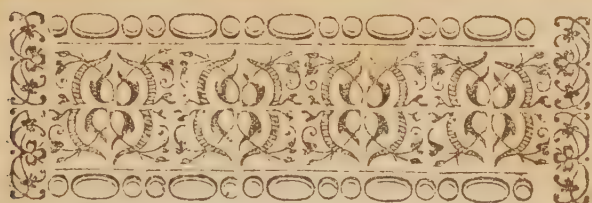
And as for you, Mr. *Licutenant General*, tho' your Merits out-weigh whatever we can present unto you; and tho' in all the before-named Exploits we must allow you the greatest Share, yet be pleased to except of the less Requital, a poor Pittance of 300 *l.* in Plate, and a *Vision of Golden-Angels* in a Purse, to the Value of 200 *l.* at the Cost of our own *Fraternity*.

As for the rest of the *Lords* and *Gentlemen* here present, I hope they will excuse us, and think themselves well satisfied with their *Dinner*: And in particular you, my *Lord President*, who deserve much in the Settling of this *Republick*. But having done but one single Act towards it, if you expect more than a *Dinner*, we must leave you to the Consideration of Mr. *Lieutenant General*, who set you on Work, and in the End, no doubt, will pay your Wages.

I have but one Word more to say, and that is this: We have great Cause to rejoyce in the happy Settlement of this *Common-wealth*, but I fear we shall not be quiet yet. God bless us from outward Dreams and restless Nights;
and

and send us well to digest this *Thanksgiving Dinner*, and to have no more of them, nor occasion for them in haste: For the Frights they put us into beforehand are terrible, and the Dinners themselves are chargeable, and will prove chargeable indeed, if *Malignants* speak Truth, who say this very Day's *Thanksgiving* will cost no less than our *Heads*, if not our *Souls* too into the Bargain. Therefore *Gentlemen*, in a Word, I think we have but one Play, and that is to hold up the *State* as long as we can, and to make sure of our *Heads* and *Estates*, and pillage other Men's, when we can hold it no longer.





Hugh Peter's *Thanksgiving*
SPEECH for a Fare-
wel to the City, in the
behalf of the General and
Lieutenant General.

Mr. Alderman Pennington, and the
rest of the Representatives of the
CITY,

I Must tell you, I have been half the
World over, and yet I am come
back again; and by my Faith, *Sirs*, I
must tell you, I never saw such a good-
ly jolly Crew as are here, all Hail!
Fel-

166 *The* Thanksgiving SPEECH

Fellow, well met. 'Tis merry when *Maltmen* meet; and (they say) some of us here have been *Brewers*, and worse *Trades* too: But uh---- uh---- let that pass. I defy *Brewing*, for I have been all over your *Wine-Cellar*, and that's another World, but it's as slippery a World as this, and runs too: What a *Nicodemus* is the *Butler*! he was loth to own me but by Night; he bad me stay till Night, and then I should have my *Belly-full*. Now, *Sirs*, I conceive a *Belly-full* is a *Belly-full*, and if a Man have not his *Belly-full*, it is no *Thanksgiving*: And if you, *Gentlemen* of the City, have not a *Belly-full* of this *Thanksgiving*, I say, may you have a *Belly-full*.

Had *Dr. Dorislaus* been so wise as to have staid at Home, he might have had another kind of *Belly-full* than he had at the *Hague*: But a *Belly-full* still is a *Belly-full*; and *Grocers-Hall* is a better *Ordinary* than a *Dutch Ordinary* for a *Belly-full*. Pox o' your *Dutch Ordinaries*, I think they will become *English*, and give us all a *Belly-full*; but in another kind, I fear, than I gave my *Dutch Landlady* and her *Daughter*.

But

But no Matter for that, a *Belly-full* is a *Belly-full*; their *Bellies* were empty, and so was mine; for I had not so much as a *Stiver* to bless my self, and they would never let me be *quiet*, and I scor'd up still, and so I got my *Belly-full*, and they got their *Belly-full*; which was one *Belly-full* for another, and so at length I was quit with them.

Then I went to *New-England*, and there I saw a blessed Sight; a World of wild Women and Men lying round a Fire in a Ring stark naked. If this Custom should come up in *London* (as I see no Reason but it may, if the State will Vore it) then every Woman may have her *Belly-full*; and it would be a certain Cure for *Cuckoldom* and *Jealousy*, and so the City would lose nothing by this *Thanksgiving*.

But now to come home to the Point in Hand: My *Lord Mayor*, and you *Gentlemen* of the *City*, I am commanded to give you Thanks: Yes, I will, when I have my *Belly-full*; but your Butler is no *True Trojan*; he knows not how to tap and toss the *Stingo*. Sure, he is some *Presbyterian Spy* that is slinkt into
Office;

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Office ; some Cowardly Fellow that
pines away at *scandalous Sins*, and the *Stool*
of Repentance, and he will never do well
till he's drench'd for the Humour ; so that
now I see I am like to go away without
my *Belly-full*, and have never a Jigg to
the Tune of *Arthur of Bradley* ---- Sing,
O ! *brave Arthur of Bradley* ---- Sing O !

But if Things go thus, what should I
see you for ? The *States* foresaw what
sorry *Good-Fellows* you would be, or else
some of you had been *Knighted*, as well
as My Lord of *Pembroke*. Nay, it was
GOD's Mercy you had not all been
Knighted : For it was put to the Vote (I
tell you) whether My Lord Mayor should
be *Knighted* ; and whether you Alder-
man *Pennington*, and Alderman *Atkins*,
should be dubb'd Sir *Isaac* and Sir *Tho-*
mas of the *State's* own Creation. But
since it's resolv'd otherwise, I pray you,
bid the *Butler* bring up his *Cannikins*,
and I'll make you all Lords like myself,
for now I am no less in Title than *Hugo*
de Santo Pietro Puntado, and every jot as
merry as forty *Beggars*.

Now I warrant, you expect I should
thank you for his *Excellency's* Golden
Bason

Bason and *Ewer*. 'Tis true, I was commanded to do so; but what care I for a *Bason* and *Ewer*: Give me a *Pipe* and a *Chamber-Pot*: I mean a *Pipe* of *Canary* into the Bargain, or else it shall be no *Thanksgiving-Day* for me. Oh! for a Conduit from *Malaga*, and we knew how to convey *Midleton's* Pipes to the *Canary Islands*, then there would be no End of *Thanksgiving*.

I am commanded likewise to thank you for the *Lieutenant General's* Plate, and his Purse of Gold: And I am so much the more willing to do it, because I hope to have a feeling out of it anon when we come home: But (as I take it) you have more reason to thank him, than he you. For you gave him a little Purse of Money, and 'tis his Goodness he does not take all. I observe too, you have given him but the Value of 500 *l.* and his *Excellency*, forsooth, as much more. Do ye know what you do? Could you not have ask'd my Counsel before? You may chance to be switch'd, I faith, for not setting the *Saddle* upon the *right Horse*: And
I well

170 *The SPEECH of, &c.*

well you deserve it, if I be not furnish'd with a Pipe of *Canary*. Let me not be put off with nothing, like my *Lord President*, and *Mr. Speaker*; you know where to send, *Sirs*. My Lodging is sometimes at *St. James's*, but most an end in *Thames-Street*. There my *Maid*, a handsome *Lass*, I tell you, will take it in as well as my self, or else I would ne'er keep her. Farewel, *Sirs*, here's nothing to do I see.

*A Pox on your Butler, and on his lean
Fowl,
There's Liberty lies in the Bottom o' th'
Bowl.*

Thus it is in one of our *modern Authors*; but I confess I can have none of this *Liberty*, tho' it be the first Year of *Freedom*; and then judge you, whether the State, or the State's Servants have any Cause of *Thanks*. Farewel, *Sirs*, I am gone. O! for a *Milk-bowl*, or his *Excellency's Basin* and *Ewer* now, to spew in, and make an End of *Thanksgiving*.



A seasonable **S P E E C H**
spoken by Alderman At-
kins in the Rump-Par-
liament.

Mr. Speaker,

AFTER so many *Dispensations* and *Out-*
goings of Providence, we are now
the third Time return'd to sit in this
Honourable House; but how long we
shall do so, I believe the wisest of us
all cannot tell: For *the Soldiers* have of
late set up Governments, as *Boys* do *Nine-*
pins, to throw them down again. But how
oft soever they turn us out hereafter, I
shall never doubt to get in again; for I
perceive those *Changes*, and *Revolu-*
I 2 tions

tions (as they call them) are just like casting of *Knaves* at Cards, where some *play*, and some *sit out*, till the Set be up, or till the Gamesters fall out and throw up their Cards, and then they stand fair to be in again. But notwithstanding so many Interruptions and Disturbances, many *mighty* and *great* Works have been carried on by us *Worms* and *No-Men*. You, *Sir*, have a new Wainscot Chair, and our Seats that were but covered with *Mats*, when we came first to sit here, are now lin'd with good *Broad Cloth* of 16 Shill. *per* Yard, and the whole Houſe is hang'd in a better manner than any Man expected. But this is not all that we have done; for we have reform'd *Religion*; and brought the *Church* as nigh to what it was in the primitive Times amongst the *Jews* and *Pagans*, as may be; for the *Christians* have *sold* all they have long since, and laid it at our Feet, and we begin once more to have all Things in *Common*: Besides, *Sir*, we have done *strange Justice* on the late *Tyrant*, and transform'd the *Kingdom* into a *Common-wealth*, as *Nebuchadnezzar* was into a *Beast*. But there is one Thing
that

that we have *omitted*, and which indeed the People have much more reason to expect from us; for *Reformation, as well as Charity, begins at home*: To hold forth my Meaning in brief to you, Sir, 'tis the *cleansing of our House of Office*; and if that Name be not *mannerly* enough for this Place, it is in your Power to help it: For there is a spare Name that hath been lately conferr'd upon this *Honourable House* by the People, which was once call'd *The House of Parliament*, as it is now the *Rump*. This Name, in my Opinion, we cannot *better* dispose of, than in conferring it on the *House* I spoke of; for not only that, but all other Houses of the same Quality, (of which ours is the *Representative*) may in the Right thereof hereafter be call'd a *Rump*, as being a Name more *proper* and *significant*, in regard of the Relation it hath to the *Part*. And truly, Sir, I believe the Wisdom and Justice of this *House* can do no less, if you please but to consider the *near and intimate Correspondence* that *House* has ever held with *this*, as having ever been intrusted with the most *urgent* and *weighty* Matters that we have ever

carried on; and so *necessary* that I may boldly say, without that Recourse which we have had to it in our greatest *Extremities*, this *House* might have *suffer'd* for it many a Time and oft. It is now, *Sir*, as full as this *Honourable House* was once of Members, and as *unuseful*, until we take some Course to *empty* it, as we did this; which I humbly conceive, we can by no means avoid. For, under Favour, I do not think we can use this *House* as we did the *House of Lords*; I mean, *Vote it down*, when it will serve our Turns no longer: No, this is a Matter of a *higher* Nature, and more weighty Concernment; and as the Difference is great in *Reason of State*, so it is also in Point of *Conscience*: For tho' it is true we engag'd and *swore* to maintain the *House of Lords*, yet we did it not after a *right* Manner; for we read, it was a Custom among the *Jews*, when they made any solemn Vow, to put their Hands under one another's Hams; and if we had done so when we *swore* that, and kiss'd the Book, I grant, we had been bound in Conscience to have upheld it longer than we did, I mean

mean longer than we had need of it ; but we, quite contrary, held up our Hands, and so were not bound to keep it otherways than we took it, *viz.* Hand over Head ; for unless we *differ'd* from the *Jews* in other Matters more than we do, I know no Reason why we should in this. But now I speak of the *Jews*, give me leave, by observing one Passage in their History, to hold forth unto you the *Danger* of Suppressing the afore said *House*. *Saul*, for want of such a Convenience, going into a Cave where *David* had hid himself, had like to have lost his Life ; for if *David* had been One of us, I know what would have become of *Saul* ; he would rather have cut off his *Head*, than a Piece of his Coat ; as I wonder he did not, since being a *Prophet*, he might have made *Scripture* on purpose to have proved him a *Tyrant* and a *Traytor*, as we did *Law* to condemn the late *King* after he was put to Death. But tho' *David* was wiser than his Teachers, he was not so *wise* as we were : 'Tis true, for his own Advantage he knew how to make the silly *Philistians* believe he was *mad* ; but I am mi-

staken if we have not outdone him this Way too, and made the wisest think us so. But to return to the Purpose; Suppose, *Sir*, the Army should have Occasion to give this *Honourable House* a Purge again, you would be loth it should *work* here; and truly I do not know what other Way you have to avoid it, unless we should make use of that Place where the *Assembly of Divines* lately sat, which for my Part I like very well, if it were nearer; and certainly they have no Reason to take it ill; for it is according to the *Example* of the best *Reformed Churches*. And I know no Reason why we may not as well *fit* there, and make *sower* Faces at our own *Charges*, as they did at the Charge of the Commonwealth: For my own Part (did not the common Good provoke me to it) I have as *little* Reason to speak as another, and perhaps *less*; for my Breeches are made close at the Knees, and so better fitted against a *Mischance*. Besides I know the *worst* of it; for I believe you have often heard what I have suffer'd in the *Service* of my Country: But let that pass; tho' it were the worse for my Reputation

tion and my Breeches, is was the better for my Body and my Soul too, for I have *edified* much by it: 'Tis true, the Boys hold their Noses, and cry, *Fegh*, when they see me in the Streets; but what of that? A wise Man knows how to make Advantage of the greatest Disasters, and so have I done. For there was a Time. Mr. *Speaker*, when this *Honourable House* had like to have been a *Foul House*; and when was that? Why truly it was when the *Apprentices* came hither to shew us one Trick more than ever we taught them: Then did I take this Worshipful Chain off my Neck, and very politickly put it into my *Codpiece*; for I knew well enough, that no Body in this Town, where I am so well known, would *venture* to look for it there; and I was not mistaken, for here you see I have it still. The same Thing I did at another Time; and that was when (as you well remember) a Piece of Plaister falling from the Roof, some of the Members cry'd, *Treason*, and many made haste to get out of the House as fast as they could; so did not I. No, *Sir*, I resolv'd to stay by it; and therefore having put my Chain into

my *Codpiece*, I *crept* under the Bench, in this very Place where I now sit, and there I lay *close*, till I heard some that were near me say, they smelt *Gun-powder*; but then I knew it was a *Mistake*, and so it prov'd indeed: But if it had been otherwise, no Danger should have made me forsake my Duty. No, Sir, I have been so *faithful* to this House, and so *constant* to my Principles, that I have not *changed* so much as my *Seat* since the happy beginning of this Parliament. In this very Place did I sit then, on both sides of me sate two Members that prov'd *Malignants*, for they took snuff at something that fell from me in my Zeal to the *Cause*, and ran to *Oxford* to the *King*. Their Estates are long since sold, for which the Common-wealth may thank me; for verily, Sir, I have not been altogether an *unprofitable* Member according to my *Talent*, and the Disposition of what was in me: For my *Bowels* have been oft *poured out* for the Prosperity of this House, and I hope my Conversation hath held forth much of the *Inward Man*, as may be sufficient to satisfy the well-affected by whom I am intrusted: And

as

as for any Backbiters, I forgive them freely. Alas! they hurt themselves and not me; for if they got any thing by dealing with me that way, they must have good Luck ---- Sir, I have used the more Freedom with you, because I have some Pretence of your Pardon; for I believe you have often observ'd, that when any thing has fallen from any of my Fellow-Members, that the House has *resented*, it has been presently laid to my Charge, and I have always taken it upon me freely; for I shall never refuse to serve this House in any Sense whatsoever. I shall therefore humbly move, That you would be pleased to order this Honourable House to adjourn for a convenient Time, until the House be emptied, and made sweet again; for if we should sit here before, it will not be in the Power of any Man to own so much Stink as will be laid to my Charge.

HU



HUDIBRAS

A T

COURT.

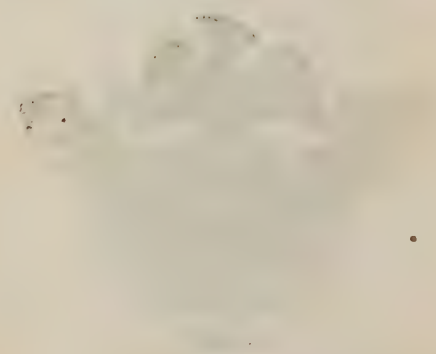
Written 1659.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.



Printed in the Year 1715.

1810
COOL
1810





HUDIBRAS *at* Court.

The ARGUMENT.

*Adventures ceasing, Knight and Squire,
Towards their respective Homes retire :
The Manner how they lodge their Arms,
And how forc'd back by fresh Alarms :
Their Resolution to repair
To Court, and what succeeded there.*

After fierce *Wars*, and hot Dis-
putes,
As e'er fell out 'twixt *Brutes* and
Brutes,
After much Waste of *Blood* and *Treasure*,
Robbing and *Plundering* without Measure,
After

184 HUDIBRAS at Court.

After both *Sides* had took such Pains,
To knock out One another's Brains,
And after they had fought so long
For *Dame Religion* till they'd none;
A lucky *Hit* brought Things about,
That they fell in as they fell out.

Our worthy *Knight*, Sir *Hudibras*,
Of such deep Sense and Foresight was,
That he well knew his furious Zeal
For *Anarchy* and *Common-Weal*,
His *Worship* must to *Ruin* bring,
Should *Providence* restore the King;
He therefore, but with great *Compun-*
ction,
Resolves to quit of War the *Function*,
And to abandon *Colonelling*,
And home return to peaceful *Dwelling*.
But first he thus bespoke the *Squire*,
Ralpho, I'm sure thou will't admire

When

When I have told thee my *Intention*,
Which I have fixt beyond *Prevention*.

Quothe *Ralph*, I wish it mayn't re-
pent

Your *Worship*, you're so fully bent :

'Tis hard to *Judge* before we know,

But *Stubborn People* ne'er want *Woe* ;

And I dare wage a broken *Pate*,

That 'tis some *Mischief* 'gainst the
State,

Which you thus solemnly intend ;

But if it be, excuse your *Friend*

And *Servant*, *Sir*, for verily,

The Thing seems wond'rous plain to
me,

That there is some *Design* now brewing,

That will involve us all in *Ruin*.

Quothe *Hudibras*, I hope you'll own,
To take me up before I'm down,

Is

Is not the proper Way to find
 It out, when *something's* in the Wind;
 Nor is't good Breeding, with *Submission*,
 To judge and censure on *Suspicion*:
 But, *Ralph*, since you have had a share
 With me, in all my *Feats of War*,
 Stood kick and cuff, and went my halves,
 In dreadful *Fights* 'midst *Clubs* and
Staves;

And have on all *Occasions* shewn,
 A *Valour* equal to my own,
 I will excuse you this, and all
 Your other *Faults* in general.

Quothe *Ralph*, I thank you for your
Pardon,
 Tho' at the same time, me 'tis hard
 on,
 To be excluded from a *Secret*,
 As if you thought I meant to break it;

I have been trusted heretofore
 With all your *Secrets* o'er and o'er,
 And that I should be now postpon'd
 Is very hard it must be own'd.

At this the *Knight* began to fly
 Into a *Passion*, and talk high;
Ralpho, if you would give me leave,
 Says he, I would you undeceive.
 The *Resolution* I have fix'd
 With your own *Sentiments* is mix'd.
 You said just now that there was brew-
 ing,
 Some *Project* to procure our *Ruin*;
 Why truly I believe the same,
 And that the *Saints* will come to Shame.
 If *Presbyter* and *Independent*
 Fall out and fight, then there's an end
 on't;
 Down goes the *Rump*, and *Restoration*
 Will be the only Word in *Fashion*.

Now

188 HUDIBRAS at Court.

Now, *Ralph*, as ev'ry *One* that's wise,
Does his own *Preservation* prize;
I to my self should be unjust,
Should I neglect to be the first
Made my *Retreat*, which may perhaps
Preserve me against *After-claps*.

Self-Preservation I'll be bold,
Than *Chivalry* it's self more old,
And has more *Service* done by far
Than *Knighthood* both in *Peace* and *War*.

Quothe *Ralpho*, who could hold no
longer,
Altho' I am no good *States-Monger*,
Yet I begin to smell a *Rat*,
And what your *Worship* would be at.
You have, I find, some little *Guilt*,
For *Christian Blood* devoutly spilt;
Some inward *Checks* and *Throws* of *Con-*
science,
Which strictly speaking are all *Nonsense*,
And

HUDIBRAS at Court. 189

And those have press'd you on so far,
That you resolve to quit the *War*.
To quit the *War*, I grant indeed,
As Cases stand, you ought with speed,
As 'tis a proper Way to fence,
Against Revolts of *Providence* :
But by the way, *Sir*, *Doubts* and *Fears*
Will never pay us our *Arrears* ;
I serve for *Plunder* 'well as *Zeal*,
And as they both begin to fail,
Whether we win or lose the *Day*,
We're sure to suffer by our *Stay* ;
And yet, *Sir*, you must own, 'tis hard
If we should meet with no *Reward*,
For all the *Service* we have done,
Down to this *Day* from *Forty One*.
After so many Kicks and Drubs,
And such Pains-taking from the *Tubs* ;
For all our *Holdings-forth*, long *Prayers*,
Our *Sighs*, and *Groans*, and precious
Tears ;

Par-

190 HUDIBRAS at Court.

Pardon me, *Sir*, I mean my own,
 If we should pennyleß go home,
 The Thing I'm sure must needs look
 oddly,
 And blame our Conduct with the Godly.

Quothe *Hudibras*, if your *Arrears*,
 Are dearer to you than your *Ears*,
 Or if that you have more *Regard*
 For *Hanging*, than for a *Reward*;
 I think 'tis Pity you should miss
Rewards for all your *Services*.
 I've weigh'd the *Matter*, and can find,
 Not the least Cause to change my Mind;
 And further, *Ralpho*, tell you this,
 That in our *Stay* there *Danger* is.

Here's no One here but you and I,
 Therefore I mention't by the by;
 The Saints have done such cursed *Things*,
 That all the *Land* for *Vengeance* rings.

Have

Have they not *overwhelm'd* the Nation,
 With *Murder, Blood and Desolation,*
 Attempted to *Assasinate,*
 And cut the *Throats* of Church and State?
 And now as *Hogs* can see the *Wind,*
 And *Storms* at distance coming find;
 So I perceive a *Storm* to gather,
 Which by *Retreating* we may weather:
Nolens Volens, we must *ergo,*
 March *publick* or *incognito,*
 Which in great Measure I submit,
 To your *Dexterity* and *Wit*;
 Only reserving, notwithstanding,
 The *Power* and *Privilege* of *Commanding.*

Since *nolens volens* is the Case,
 Quothe *Ralph,* I will not hang an Arse;
 It is my *Duty* and *Desire,*
 To serve you like a trusty Squire,
 And tho' we've cross *Adventures* met,
 And both been often foundly beat,
 Should

Should *Civil Broils* again break out,
I'll follow you the World about.

As to the *Manner of Returning*,
It won't it seems admit *Adjourning*,
But whether *publick* or *incog*
Be best, if I know I'm a *Dog* :
That either Way there must be *Danger*,
I'm sure your *Worship* is no *Stranger* ;
But in two *Ills*, as still the least
Is by *wise Men* accounted best ;
So like *wise Men* we should debate,
Which of the two suits best our *State*.

If *We* in *publick* should march home,
Your *Worship's* every where so known,
And for so many *Actions* famous,
That not a Country *Ignoramus*
But would come out to gape and stare,
As if that you some *Monster* were ;
Quere, if that would not defeat
The sole *Design* of your *Retreat* ?
Secondly,

Secondly, Should your *Worship* go,
In silence and *incognito*,
Would not the Folk be apt to cry,
He's come among us for a *Spy*,
And make a World of strange *Conjectures*
Both at their Houses and their *Lectures*.

Quothe *Hudibras*, your *Queries* both
Are finely stated by my Troth :
And now to make the *Matter* short,
Ralph, here's my Hand I thank you for't.
There's no *Objection* can be made,
To any Thing that you have said ;
Therefore to better Sense submitting,
There is a Way, if you think fitting,
Which we may take, and so be free
From all the *Dangers* you foresee.

The middle Way you mean, quothe
Ralph,
Which all wise Men do hold most safe.

K

That

194 HUDIBRAS at Court.

That all *Extreams* are dangerous,
Is now exemplify'd in us.
Too much may, like too little *Zeal*,
Bring *Ruin* to the *Common-Weal* ;
For when 'tis over hot and furious,
Than *Zeal* nothing is more *injurious*.
Pardon me, Sir, I thus break in,
A burning *Zeal's* a burning *Sin*,
And has more *Mischief* done the *Saints*,
Than all their *Oaths* and *Covenants*.

At this the *Knight* gave Breast a
Thump,
Lord, Ralph, how our *Opinions* jump!
There is no *Power* of *Heaven* or *Hell*,
Can pacify a *furious Zeal* ;
Not *Fear* of *Gallowses* and *Repes*,
Can stem the *Tide* of *Zealots* *Hopes* ;
Like frightened *Wolfs*, they forward run,
Look back and grin, howl and go on.

But

But now to let this pass, and come
 T' a final *Resolution*,
 As we bring nothing home but *Scars*,
Bumps, *Bruises*, and the Marks of *Wars*,
 Are no more *Wealthy*, *Wise* or *Stout*,
 Than what we were when we set out;
 So we'll return the very same,
Ralph, to speak plain, *Fools* as we came.

Quothe *Ralph*, there's One Thing still
 behind,

Which we I think forget to mind;
 Our *Horses* and our *Arms* shou'd not
 In common *Prudence* be forgot.
 Fresh *Doubts*, fresh *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
 May set the *Nation* by the *Ears*,
 And there may happen fresh *Occasion*
 For *Plund'ring* and *Sequestration*.
 Such *Accidents*, like *Resurrect-*
-Tion, may come when we suspect

Them least of all, and therefore we
Should always in a *Posture* be.

That's true again, quoth *Hudibras*,
But *Ralph*, can you propose the *Place*.
I would not loose *Toledo Trusty*,
Nor yet my *Dagger*, tho' 'tis rusty,
My *Pistols*, *Spur*, altho' but one,
For any *Consid'ration*.

Quoth *Ralph*, I know a *Place* I'm sure,
Where both our *Arms* may be secure.
A hollow *Tree* there is of *Note*,
In which, they say, dwells *Leathercoate*.
This *Leathercoate* is held the *Sp'rite*
Of a deceased errant *Knight*,
And still retains good *Will* and *Warrant*
In his *Distress* to serve *Knight Errant*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, the *Souls* of *Knights*
If truly *Errant*, can't be *Sp'rits*,

But

But like to *Souls* of *Saint* or *Martyr*,
 In *Quiet* sleep for ever after ;
 This I affirm, and so reject
 Your *Proposition* in effect :
 In Truth 'tis so abominable,
 I to contain myself an't able.

What, *Sancho*, after we have been
Fighting and *Struggling* against *Sin* ;
 We that have *plunder'd*, *preach'd* and *pray'd*
 'Gainst evil *Counc'lers*, shall't be said,
 That after all their loud *Pretences*
 For *Freedom* of their *Consciences*,
 That they had no more *Grace* nor *Merit*,
 But to intrust an *evil Spirit*,
 To guard their *Arms*? Why this would
 be
 A Scandal to all *Chivalry*.

Quothe *Sancho*, wou'd your *Worship*
 hear,
 I'd make it otherways appear.

198 HUDIBRAS at Court.

I well remember, *Food* and *Firing*,
 Some Years before I went a *Squiring*,
 Were both so dear, to save the Life
 Of my own *Self*, my *Child* and *Wife*,
 I was constrained to make bold,
 With *Landlord's Hedges* and his *Fold*.
God's Goodness more than my *Desert*,
 Did then, *Sir*, put into my Heart,
 To choose this *Tree*, this blessed *Tree*,
 To be in Need my *Sanctuary*.
 'Tis needless now, and long to tell
 How oft I've us'd it for my *Hell*;
 Not such a *Hell*, where we suppose
 The *Soul* of the Ungodly goes;
 But such a *Hell*, where *Taylor's* slip
 Their *Remnants*, and too large a *Snip*.

But now that we no longer may
 Squander in Words our Breath away;
 And *Argue*, as if *Arguing* were
 Our *Trade*, as well as that of *War*:

Body

HUDIBRAS at Court. 199

Body for Body I'll be bound,
The *Arms* shall all be safe and sound;
For as I know my Name is *Ralph*,
So in that *Tree* I know they're safe.

Quothe *Hudibras*, you know full well
What hap'd 'twixt me and *Sydrophel*,
Nor have you, I suppose, forgot
How I was drawn into a *Plot*,
By an eternal jilting *Fade*,
And cudgell'd at the *Masquerade*;
Had you not then and there made shift,
In my Distress to give a *Lift*,
Without all Doubt or Peradventure,
I had been now below the *Centre*.
I am no *Coward*, 'tis well known,
Yet I with the same Breath must own,
I rather would engage a *Crowd*
Of *Butchers*, tho' they deal in *Blood*,
Than meet one *Devil* or a *Sp'rite*
That is the *Devil's Perquisite*.

200 HUDIBRAS at Court.

But *Ralph*, since you will stand the *Touch*,
My *Confidence* in you is such,
I will consent this *hollow Tree*,
Shall be our present *Armorie*.

This *Matter* being thus decreed,
The *Knight* mounts first, then *Squire* his
 Steed.

Ralph, who knew each *Road* and *By-*
 way,

As well as *Thief* that *Robs* on Highway,
March'd in the *Front* and led the
 Knight,

Till to the *Tree* they came in Sight,
And then the *Knight* assumes the *Front*,
And gave the *Word* to *Ralph*, *Disinount*.

The *Word's* no sooner giv'n, but *Ralph*
From *Rosenante* tumbles off,
At the same Time the *Knight* o'erlight-
 ed,

And from himself himself unknighthed ;

For

For if that ancient *Maxim's* true,
That which can make, can unmake too;
Then as the *Sword's* the only *Thing*,
That makes the *Knight* in Hand of
King,

So when the *Sword* is off, we know
The *Man's* again in *statu quo*;
Whence we infer, without much stretch-
ing

The *Metapher*, or *Things* far fetching,
The *Knight* and *Squire* being dis-
equipp'd,
Are of *respective Titles* stripp'd;
For *Titles* die and fade like Grass,
So 'tis plain *Ralph* and *Hudibras*.

By this Time *Ralph*, in Thong of *Lea-*
ther,
Had tyed th' *Habiliments* together,
And lugg'd them to the hollow Top
O'the Tree, from whence he let them
drop

202 HUDIBRAS at Court.

Down to the Bottom, where we'll leave
'em,

Till new *Adventures* shall retrieve 'em.

The next Thing now that came in
Course,

Was the *Disposal* of the *Horse*,

For which they were oblig'd to call

Of *War* a *Council General*,

Where *Ralph*, who in his Turn presiding,

Determines it without dividing,

To leave 'em in the Marshes, where

They might their Loss of Flesh repair:

Being thus of *Arms* and *Horse* bereft,

No *Mark* of Knighthood now was left,

But *Boots*, which wanting *Jack*, no
Force

Could from their *Warlike* Legs divorce.

Quothe *Ralph* who, as I take it, was
A better Judge than *Hudibras*,

In

In this Disguise we look so oddly,
 We may perhaps surprize the *Godly*;
 What therefore if we stop'd an Hour,
 It could not be amiss I'm sure,
 To make ourselves a little known,
 Before that we approach the *Town*.

Near lives a *Friend* of mine, whom
 some
 Call by the Name of *Country Tom*,
 That us'd to keep for the Relief
 Of *sturdy Beggar*, alias *Thief*,
 A Cup of *Nappy*, and a *Bottle*
 Of *Aqua Vitæ* held a *Pottle*;
 I've try'd him oft, and always found
 That he was at the Bottom sound,
 And if your *Worship* will go thither,
 He'll tell us who and who's together.

Agreed, quoth *Hudibras*, and so
 Without delay they thither go;

And

204 HUDIBRAS at Court.

And *Ralph*, who knew the House the best,
 Lifts up the Latch, and enters first;
 The *Landlord*, tho' a sturdy *Knave*,
 And could the boldest *Thief* outbrave,
 Had been the *Marshal* of a Ring,
 And fought and beat the *Gipsies King*,
 Seeing this quondam *Squire* and *Knight*,
 Wou'd, but could not conceal his Fright,
 Till *Ralph* thus spoke: Friend *Tom*, I
 find

That out of Sight and out of Mind,
 And yet old *Friend* methinks 'tis strange,
 So short a Time should make this
 Change;

I'm *Ralph* the *Taylor*, and you *Aß*,
 This is your *Landlord Hudibras*.

My *Landlord Hudibras*, quoth he,
 God save his *Worship*, can it be?
 Why surely it must be below him,
 In such a frightful Garb to go in.

Be-

Beshrew my Heart, if you don't look,
As if by *God* and *Man* forlook;
Or as they say in Terms more plain,
Half hang'd, and then cut down again.

Quothe *Hudibras*, Friend, hold your
Tongue,

Us and your *Judgment* both you wrong,
For as 'tis said by *William*
Of *Wickham*, *Manners makes a Man*;
So I affirm a gilded Coat
Doth not enhance the Man a Groat,
Nor is a Garter or a Star
So ornamental as a Scar.

The *Landlord* finding his Mistake,
Stands up, and making a long *Scrape*.
Quothe he, if I have made a Slip,
And let my Tongue out-run my Wit,
I beg your *Worship's* Pardon, and
My *Self* and *House* you may command.

We

206 HUDIBRAS at Court.

We take you at your Word, quoth
Ralph,

And do depend that here we're safe;
 And first, *Tom*, we desire to know,
 How in the *Town* all *Matters* go?

Quoth he, as bad as bad can be,
 Exceeding bad to a *Degree*.
 For since that you went out to *Battle*,
 They've seiz'd our *Landlord's* Goods and
Chattle,
 By Virtue of an *Outlawry*:
Ejectments on *Ejectments* fly,
Writs of Rebellion what d'you call,
Attachments and the *Devil* and all.
 Thus *Matters* with our *Landlord* stand;
 And, *Ralph*, I won't deal under-hand,
 Yours are much worse, and if you're
 caught,
 You'll be before your *Gaffers* brought.

Something of this, quoth *Hudibras*,
 I did expect might come to pass;

My

My *Dreams* and *Startings* in the Night,
Forewarn'd me *Things* did not go right ;
 But as great *Conquerors* Glory gain,
 When they their evil Fate disdain,
 So, *Ralph*, we must not sink below
 The present Burden of our Woe.
 If in this Castle we are safe,
 I'll find a Way to bring us off,
 And to reward our *Landlord's* Care
 For giving us *Protection* here.

Last Night I was in *Vision* told,
 That *Monk* had on the *Rump* laid hold,
 And giv'n it such a desp'rate Twitch,
 That it hangs dangling at the *Britch*,
 And that another hearty *Snack*
 Would tear it quite from off the *Back*.
 The *King* methoughts I saw returning,
 From whence h'had been so long *sojourn-*
ing ;

And

208 HUDIBRAS at Court.

And what was more, upon his *Face*
Methoughts I saw writ *Hudibras*.
Now is not this a Call to Court,
What think you, *Ralph*? I think in short,
Quothe *Ralph*, if you neglect the *Sum-*
mons,

You ought to be turn'd out of *Commons*,
I who have been the everlasting
Companion of your *Drubs* and *Basting*,
And never left you in *Contest*,
With *Male* or *Female*, *Man* or *Beast* ;
Fall back fall Edge, will not *desert*,
But follow you with all my Heart.

Why then, quothe *Hudibras*, I'll go,
Since *You* and *Fate* advise me so.
Honour is like a *Widow* won,
By brisk, not formal Setting on ;
And therefore, *Ralph*, since we are come
T'a final *Resolution*,

Let

Let us to *Herse* and *Arms* repair,
And face about just as we were.

This said, the *Knight* and *Squire* joyn
Their *Forces* 'well as their *Design*,
And put themselves upon the *March*,
After *Adventures* new to search;
Still keeping close in warlike *Posture*,
As fit for *Battle* as for *Muste*r,
Till they arrive upon the *Spot*,
Where just before the King was got.

Near to this *Place* a *Castle* stands,
Which all the *Neighbourhood* commands;
Here dwelt the *King*, who here we'll
call,

The *Prince* of the *Enchanted Hall*.
This mighty *Prince*, who chanc'd to
hear

Of *Hudibras* the *Character*,
Nothing would serve his turn but he,
This famous *Knight* and *Squire* must see.
Now

210 HUDIBRAS at Court.

Now you must know, Sir *Hudibras*
With such Perfections gifted was,
And so peculiar in his *Manner*,
That all that saw him did him honour ;
Among the rest, this *Prince* was One,
Admir'd his *Conversation*.

This *Prince*, whose ready *Wit* and *Parts*
Conquer'd both *Men* and *Women's* Hearts,
Was so o'ercome by *Knight* and *Ralph*,
That he could never claw it off.
He never eat, nor drank, nor slept,
But *Hudibras* still near him kept;
Never would go to *Church*, or so,
But *Hudibras* must with him go ;
Nor yet to visit *Concubine*,
Or at a *City-Feast* to dine,
But *Hudibras* must still be there,
Or all the Fat was in the Fire.

Now after all was it not hard,
That *he* should meet with no *Reward*,
That

That fitted out this *Knight* and *Squire*,
 This *Monarch* did so much admire ;
 That he should never reimburse
 The Man for th'Equipage or Horse,
 Is sure a strange ungrateful Thing
 In any Body but a *King*.

But this good *King* it seems was told,
 By some that were with him too bold,
 If e'er you hope to gain your *Ends*,
 Careless your *Foes*, and trust your *Friends* ;
 Your *Friends* no disrespect can move,
 They'll be your *Friends* because they
 love,

But if your *Foes* should take Things ill,
 They'll be your *Foes*, because they will ;
 Your *Friends* are *loyal*, good and *just*,
 And can't be urg'd to break their *Trust*,
 They've no base *Arts* or wicked *Ends*,
 But are, and will be still your *Friends*.

Your

212 HUDIBRAS at Court.

Your *Foes* are *stubborn, cruel, proud,*
Rebellious, insolent and loud.

And will upon the least *Pretence*
Disown you for their *lawful Prince.*

Therefore 'tis prudent, *Sir,* to *flatter*
These *Foes*, lest they should you *bespat-*
ter,

And find a *Method* to destroy
Those *Pleasures* which you now enjoy.
These were the *Doctrines* that were
taught,

Till this unthinking *King* was brought
To leave his *Friends* to *starve* and die ;
An ill *Reward* for *Loyalty.*

But leave we this 'another *Place,*
And now return to *Hudibras ;*
Who finding, like an artful *Shaver,*
That he was got so high in *Favour.*
And had the *Monarch's* Ear, and more
Was of the *Cab'net* of his *Whore ;*

HUDIBRAS at Court. 213

*A Whore of State, who knew the length
Both of the Monarch's Purse and Strength,
Without much Thinking or Projecting,
To Squire Ralph fell thus reflecting.*

Since you have went my halves in all
M' *Adventures*, whether great or small,
'Twould be unjust if you should lack,
In th' *Advantages* your Snack.

You see the Court how 'tis Enchanted,
By *Witches* and *Hobgoblins* haunted,
And how the Prince his *Treasure* *Squanders*,
Amongst his *Concubines* and *Panders*;
Whilst his true *Friends*, the *Cavaliers*,
For perfect Want all hang their *Ears*;
Are all neglected and postpon'd,
And rarely seen, and hardly own'd.

Quothe *Ralph*, all this I own is true,
But what is this to Me and You?

I grant, indeed, the *Cavaliers*
 Have Cause enough to hang their *Ears*,
 When they see *Panders, Pimps, and Cul-*
lies,

Sharpers, Setters, Rakes and Bullies,
 To *Favours* and high *Posts* preferr'd,
 They can't be blam'd to think it hard;
 But still the *Advantages* you mention,
 Are foreign to my *Comprehension*.

Quothe *Hudibras*, you are so forward,
 So positive and so untoward,
 That you break in and cavil still,
 And will do so because you will;
 Else I'd have told you the *Design*
 Betwixt my *self* and *Concubine*,
 And how for you a *Post* was fix'd,
 Unto my own the very next.

Quothe *Ralph*, if I may be so bold,
 I fear your *Project* will not hold;

Good

Good *Projects* at a Court can't thrive,
 Where *Vice* has sole *Prerogative*.
 Indeed if you propose to be,
 A *Pimp* among the *Quality*;
 Or if your *Worship* could endure,
 The slavish *Business* to procure,
 And have allotted me a *Station*
 To serve you in that *Occupation*,
 Then we some *Favours* might inherit,
 But nothing else has any *Merit*.
 But, Sir, as there is no good *Warrant*,
 To make a *Pimp* of a *Knight Errant*;
 And as our learned *Authors* tell,
 The *Trades* are scarce convertible,
 I hope your *Worship* will not err,
 From th' *Rules* of *Chivalry* and *War*.

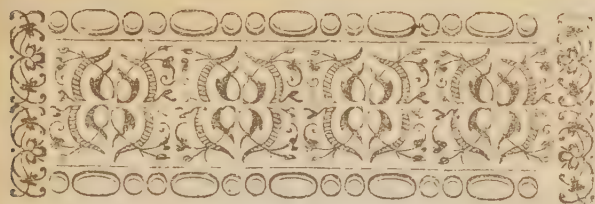
For my Part, I a Court despise,
 Where none but *Whores* and *Villains*
 rise;

Nor

Nor will I on the Man depend,
 I see ungrateful to his *Friend*:
 I'll to my *Hut* in Peace retire,
 And there myself myself *un*squire,
 Laugh at the *Knaves* and *Fools* of *State*,
 And live without their *Love* or *Hate*;
 But you to go or stay are free,
 Just as the Devil and you agree.



An



An old SONG on
OLIVER'S COURT.

Written in the Year 1654.

By Mr. *BUTLER*.

A True SONG.

I.

HE that would a new Courtier be,
And of the late coyn'd Gentry,
A Brother of the Prick-ear'd Crew,
Half a *Presbyter*, half a *Jew*,
When he is dipp'd in *Jordan's Flood*,
And wash'd his Hands in Royal Blood,
Let him to our Court repair,
Where all Trades and Religions are.

L

II. If

II.

If he can devoutly Pray,
Feast upon a fasting Day,
Be longer blessing a warm Bit,
Than the Cook was dressing it,
With Covenants and Oaths dispenſe,
Betray his Lord for Forty Pence,

*Let him to our Court repair,
Where all, &c.*

III.

If he be one of the eating Tribe,
Both a Pharifee, and a Scribe,
And hath learn'd the ſniveling Tone
Of a flux'd Devotion,
Curſing from his ſweating Tub
The Cavaliers to Beelzebub;

Let him, &c.

IV.

Who fickler than the City Ruff,
Can change his Brewer's Coat to Buff;
His

His Dray-Cart to a Coach, the Beast
 Into two *Flanders* Mares at least,
 Nay, hath the Art to murder Kings,
 Like *David*, only with his Slings;
Let him, &c.

V.

If he can invert the Word,
 Turning his Ploughshear to a Sword,
 His Cassock to a Coat of Mail;
 'Gainst *Bishops* and the Clergy rail,
 Convert *Paul's* Church into the Mews;
 Make a new Colonel of old Shoes;
Let him, &c.

VI.

Who hath Commission to convey
 Both Sexes to *Jamaica*,
 There to beget new Babes of Grace
 On Wenches, hotter than the Place,
 Who carry in their Tails a Fire,
 Will rather scorch than quench Desire;
Let him, &c.



Written by Mr. *Butler* on the Wall
in the Room, where King *Charles*
the I. was confin'd a Prisoner, in
Carisbrook Castle, in the *Isle* of
Wight.

What dismal Horror, and as dismal
Gloom,
Invades the hallow'd Silence of this
Room!
Where Majesty in Mourning sat, to wait
The wretched News of his more wretch-
ed Fate?
Curst Spawn of Schism! to give the
dreadful Shock,
Which sent a King a Martyr from the
Block.
The barb'rous Act, which smote his
Royal Head,
Our Calendars shall ever dye with red;
To

On K. Charles's Imprisonment. 221

To paint the Overthrow of Church and
State,

In the rebellious Times of *Forty Eight*,
My *Muse*, with the shrill Ecchoes of
these Walls,

For Vengeance on the bloody *Nation* calls;
And weeps, till fruitful *Albion* is freed
From the *Fanaticks* pestilential Breed;

An Off-spring sprung from that most o-
dious Race,

Whose Hanging wou'd the *Tripple-Tree*
disgrace.

The Royal *Captive* here remain'd in
Tears,

Till *Bradshaw* doom'd a Period to his
Years;

But now the injur'd *Saint* in Peace do's
dwell,

Whilst those that judg'd him are secur'd
in *Hell*.



A Presbyterian Unmask'd.

HERE such a *Creature* breeds, whose
ugly Sight,

Like *Basilisks*, wou'd *Travellers* affright!
Such *Monsters Africk* never did produce,
Nor *Lucifer*, when all his *Imps* broke
loose,

To win, by force of Arms, *celestial Sway*,
But, unsuccessful, lost the *fatal Day*:

And if its Name by any should be ask'd,
It is a *Presbyterian* unmask'd:

His *Eyes* at Vice look sad, and full of
Woe,

Yet *Heart* and *Tongue* together never go;
His *Words* in *Conventicles* virtuous be,

But nauseous, when at Home, to *Modesty*.

To

A Presbyterian Unmask'd. 223

To seem *Devout*, he hates all common
Whores;

But those which ply in private much
adores.

He trembles, when a first-rate *Oath* he
hears;

But *Perjury* his Int'rest seldom fears.

In solemn *Leagues* and *Covenant* he takes
Delight; but greater in the *Vows* he
breaks:

And as *Informing* is his darling *Trade*,

He is a godly *Man* in *Masquerade*.

In fine, he's born, he lives and dies in *Sin*,

A *Saint* without, and *Devil* all within.

Nay, as his *Sanctity's* a pious *Fraud*,

Which none but *Knaves* and *Villains* can
applaud;

He is all *Hypocrite*, and what is worse,

The *Scorn* of *Men*, and *God's eternal Curse*.



T H E
R O M I S H P R I E S T
Deny'd Hell-Room.

By the same Hand.

A *Romish Priest* that dy'd the other
Day,

His Soul to Hell went presently away.
The Devil that then stood Centinel,
Ask'd him, from whence he came, and
why to Hell?

I am a Priest, quoth he, come to sustain
In these dark Cells just and eternal Pain.

Cor-

Corporal, quoth the Devil, and began to
roar,

Corporal make haste, for here's a Priest
at Door!

The *Corporal* afrighted, cryed, Away!

Be gone thou Priest, for here thou may'st
not stay:

For he who upon Earth did prove so
Evil

To eat his God, will eat in Hell the
Devil.





T H E REFORMATION.

Written by

Mr. *SAMUEL BUTLER*.

In the Year 1652.

I.

TELL me not of Lords and Laws,
Rules or Reformation,
All that's done's not worth two Straws
To the Welfare of the Nation;
If Men in Pow'r do rant it still,
And give no Reason but their Will

For

For all their Domination ;
Or, if they do an Act that's just,
'Tis not because they *wou'd*, but *must*,
To gratify some Party's Lust,
Or meerly for a Fashion.

II.

All our Expence of Blood and Purse
Has yet produced no Profit ;
Men are still as bad, or worse,
And will whate'er comes of it :
We've shuffl'd out, and shuffl'd in
The *Person*, but retain the *Sin*,
To make our Game the surer ;
Yet, spight of all our Pains and Skill,
The Knaves all in the Pack are still,
And ever were, and ever will,
Tho' something now demurer.

III.

III.

And it can never but be so,
Since Knaves are still in Fashion ;
Men of Souls so base and low,
Meer *Bigots* of the Nation ;
Whose Designs are Pow'r and Wealth,
At which by Rapine, Fraud and Stealth
Audaciously they vent're ye ;
They lay their Consciences aside,
And turn with ev'ry Wind and Tide,
Puff'd on by Ignorance and Pride,
And all to look like Gentry.

IV.

Crimes are not punish'd 'cause they're
Crimes,
But 'cause they're low and little ;
Mean Men for mean Faults in these
Times
Make Satisfaction to a Tittle,

While

While those in Office and in Power,
Boldly the Underlings devour,
Our Cobweb-Laws can't hold 'em;
They sell for many a thousand Crown
Things which were never yet their
own,
And this is *Law* and *Custom* grown;
'Cause those do *judge* who *sell* 'em.

• V.

Brothers still with Brothers brawl,
And for Trifles sue 'em,
For two Pronouns that spoil all,
Contentious *meum* and *tuum*.
The wary Lawyer buys and builds,¹
While the Client sells his Fields
To sacrifice his Fury;
And when he thinks t'obtain his Right,
He's baffled off, or beaten quite
By th' Judges Will, or Lawyer's Slight,
Or Ignorance of the Jury.

VI.

VI.

See the *Tradesman*, how he thrives
 With perpetual Trouble;
 How he cheats and how he strives
 His Estate t'enlarge and double;
 Extort, oppress, grind and encroach,
 To be a *Squire* and keep a Coach,
 And to be one o'th' Quorum,
 Who may with's Brother-Worships sit,
 And judge without Law, Fear, or Wit,
 Poor petty Thieves, that nothing get,
 And yet are brought before 'em.

VII.

And his Way to get all this,
 Is meer Diffimulation;
 No Factious Lecture does he miss,
 And scapes no Schism that's in Fashion:
 But, with short Hair, and shining Shoes.
 He with two Pens and Note-book goes,
 And winks, and writes at random;
 Thence, with short Meal and tedious
 Grace, In

In a loud Tone and publick Place,
Sings *Wisdom's Hymns*, that trot and pace,
As if *Goliath* scann'd 'em.

VIII.

But when *Death* begins his Threats,
And his Conscience struggles,
To call to Mind his former Cheats,
Then at Heaven he turns his Juggles;
And out of all's ill-gotten Store,
He gives a Dribling to the Poor,
An Hospital or School-house;
And the suborn'd Priest for his Hire,
Quite frees him from th' infernal Fire,
And places him in th' Angels Quire:
Thus these Jack-Puddings fool us!

IX.

All he gets by's Pains, i'th' Close,
Is, that he dy'd worth so much;
Which he on's doubtful Seed bestows,
That neither care nor know much:
Then Fortune's Favourite, his Heir,
Bred

Bred base, and ignorant, and bare,
 Is blown up like a Bubble ;
 Who wondring at's own sudden Rise,
 By Pride, Simplicity and Vice,
 Falls to his Sports, Drink, Drabs and Dice,
 And makes all fly like Stubble.

X.

And the Church, the other Twin,
 Whose mad Zeal enrag'd us,
 Is not purified a Pin
 By all those Broils in which sh'en-
 gag'd us :
 We our Wives turn'd out of Doors,
 And took in Concubines and Whores,
 To make an Alteration ;
 Our Pulpiteers are proud and bold,
 They their own Wills and Factions
 hold,
 And sell Salvation still for Gold,
 And here's our REFORMATION!

XI.

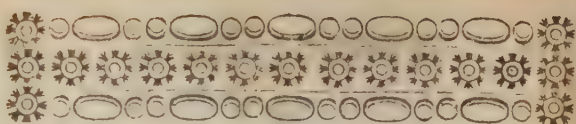
XI.

'Tis a Madness then to make
Thriving our Employment,
And Lucre love for Lucre's sake,
Since we've Possession, not Enjoy-
ment.

Let the Times run on their Course,
For Opposition makes them worse,
We ne'er shall better find 'em ;
Let Grandees Wealth and Pow'r engross,
And Honour too, while we sit close,
And laugh, and take our plenteous
Dose
Of Sack, and never mind 'em.



The



The S A F E T Y.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.

I.

SINCE it has been lately enacted High-
Treason

For a Man to speak Truth of the
Heads of the State,

Let every one make Use of his Reason ;
See and hear what he can, but take
heed what he prate :

For the Proverbs do learn us,

*He that stays from the Battle sleeps in a
whole Skin,*

*And our Words are our own if we can keep
'em in ;*

What Fools are we then who to prattle
begin

Of Matters that do not concern us ?

II. Let

II.

Let the three Kingdoms fall to one of
the Prime Ones,

My Mind is a Kingdom, and shall
be to me :

I'd make it appear, if I had but the
Time once,

I'm happier with One than he can be
with Three,

If I may but enjoy it :

He that's mounted on high, is a Mark
for the Hate,

And the Envy of every pragmatICAL
Pate,

While he that lies low is secure in his
State,

And the great Ones do scorn to an-
noy it.

III.

I'm never the better which Side gets
the Battle,

The *Tubs* or the *Crosses*, what is it to
me ?

'Twill neither increase my Goods nor
my Chattel, For

For a Beggar's a Beggar, and so he
shall be,

Unless he turn Traytor.

Let Misers take Courses to heap up their
Treasure,

Whose Lust has no Limits, whose Mind
has no Measure ;

Let me but be quiet, and take a little
Pleasure,

A little contents my Nature.

IV.

My Petition shall be, that Canary be
cheaper,

Without Patent, or Custom, or cur-
fed Excise,

That the Wits may have leave to drink
deeper and deeper,

And not be undone while their Heads
they baptize,

And in Liquor do drench 'em :

If this were but granted, who would
not desire

To dub himself one of *Apollo's* own
Quire ?

We'll

We'll ring out the Bells when our Noses
are on Fire,
And the Quarts shall be Buckets to
quench 'em.

V.

I account him no Wit that is gifted at
railing,

And flirting at those who above him
do fit,

While they can outdo him at Whipping
and Jayling,

Then his Purse or his Person must pay
for his Wit ;

'Tis better to be drinking.

If Sack were reform'd into Twelve-
pence a Quart,

I'd study for Mony to merchandise for't,
And with a true Friend wou'd make
merry and sport,

Not a Word, but we'll pay 'em
with *Thinking*.

The



The Tub-Preacher.

With Face and Fashion to be known,
With Eyes all white, and many
a Groan,

With Neck awry, and sniveling Tone,
And Handkerchief from Nose new
blown,

And loving Cant to Sister Joan,

'Tis a new Teacher about the Town,

Oh! the Town's new Teacher.

With cozening Laugh, and hollow Cheek
To get new Gatherings every Week,

With paltry Sense as Man can speak,
With some small *Hebrew* and no *Greek*,

With Hums and Haws when Stuffs to
seek,

'Tis a new Teacher, &c.

With Hair cut shorter than the Brow,

With little Band, as you know how,

With

With Cloak like *Paul*, no Coat I trow,
With Surplice none, nor Girdle now,
With Hands to thump, nor Knees to
bow,

'Tis a new Teacher, &c.

With Shop-board Breeding and Intrusion,
By some outlandish Institution;
With *Calvin's* Methods and Conclusion,
To bring all Things into Confusion,
And far-fetch'd Sighs, for meer Illusion,

'Tis a new Teacher, &c.

With Threats of absolute Damnation,
But certainty of some Salvation
To his new Sect, not every Nation;
With Election and Reprobation,
And with some Use of Consolation,

'Tis a new Teacher, &c.

With Troops expecting him at Door
To hear a Sermon and no more,
And Women following him good Store,

And

240 *The Tub-Preacher.*

And with great Bibles to turn o'er,
Whilst Tom writes Notes, as Bar-boys
score,

'Tis a new Teacher, &c.

With double Cap to put his Head in,
That looks like a black Pot tipp'd with
Tin,

While with antick Gestures he doth
gape and grin ;

The Sisters Admire, and he Wheedles
them in,

Who to Cheat their Husbands think it
no Sin,

'Tis a new Teacher, &c.

With great pretended spiritual Motions,
And many fine whimsical Notions,

With blind Zeal and large Devotions,

With preaching Rebellion, and raising
Commotions,

And poysoning the People with Geneva
Potions,

'Tis a new Preacher, &c.

Mola

Mola Asinaria :

O R, T H E

Unreasonable and Insupportable

B U R T H E N

Now pres'd upon the Shoulders of this

G R O A N I N G N A T I O N.

Fusque datum Sceleri.

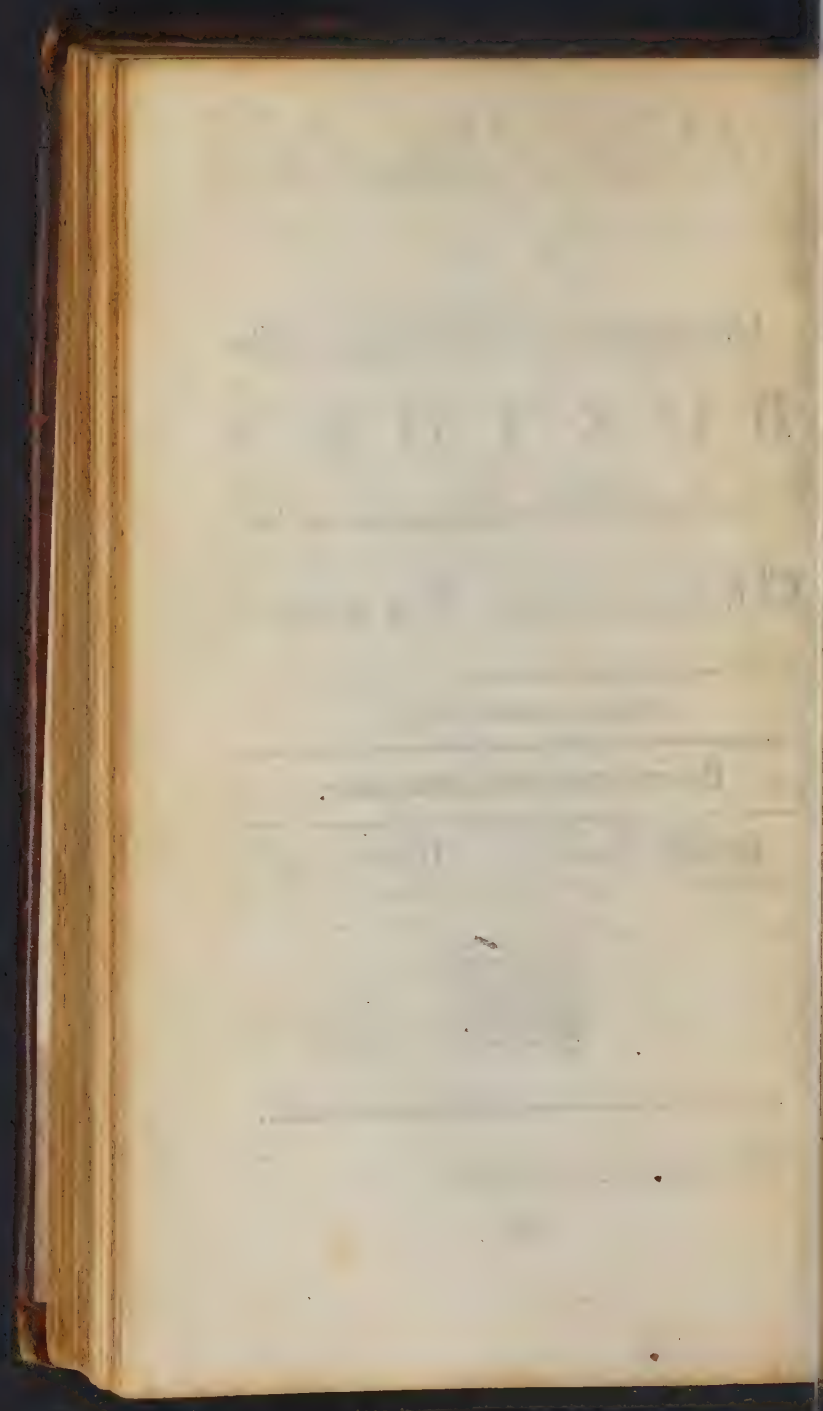
Printed privately *Anno* 1659.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.



Reprinted *Anno* 1715.

M





TO THE
READER.

THE first Volume of Mr. Butler's Posthumous Works, daily finding a kind Reception in the World, the Bookseller hath been at great Cost and Pains to collect a Second Volume of that Incomparable Author's Pieces; among which is, with the greatest Difficulty, procur'd this excellent One, intituled, Mola Asinaria: which (altho' Mr. Prynne's Name, by way of Irony, is put to it) was certainly written by the Author of Hudibras; as appears by the remainder of the Title, which runs thus: Or the unreasonable and insupportable Burthen now press'd upon the Shoulders of this groaning Nation, by the headless Head, and unruly Rulers, that Usurp upon the Liberties and Privileges of the oppressed People: Held forth in a Remonstrance to all those that have yet found and impartial Ears [Oh-

TO the READER.

Serve that Sarcaſm] to hear, and duly weighed in the Scales of Equity and Juſtice: Wherein is demonſtrated what Slavery the Nation muſt ſubject itſelf to, by allowing the Lawfulneſs and Uſurped Authority of the pretended Long Parliament, now unlawfully and violently held at *Westmiſter*. The Motto, *Juſque datum Sceleri*, taken from the firſt Book of *Lucan's Pharſalia*, is a propos to the Subject; and the Title is made ſo extravagantly long, in deriſion to Mr. *Prynne's* Titles to all his Works, which generally comprehended the whole ſcope of them, without any occaſion of a Preface. But, nevertheleſs, we are very well aſſur'd, that this Piece is the Performance of Mr. *Butler*, becauſe the ingenious Mr. *Wood*, in his *Athenæ Oxoniennes* confirms it; and as it is now very ſcarce and valuable, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe 'twill find the ſame kind Entertainment among all that love Monarchical Government and Epiſcopacy, as the other Subjects which flow'd from his as truly Loyal as unparallel'd Pen.

Mola



Mola Asinaria, &c.

Countrymen,



HERE is not any thing in the Universe deserves less to be a Member of it, than a self-seeking Man, who, unconcern'd in the publick Good, regards only his private Interest.

The World unwillingly contributes to his Maintenance ; and Nature less abhors a *Vacuum*, than that any Place should be fill'd by a Subject so empty of Desert. He is a savage Creature in the midst of civil People, not deserving to be born of others, as not caring to live, but for himself. Nay, it is worthily reputed a kind of civil Death, to

do nothing else but live: For as long as we have a Country to abide in, we have a Duty to tender it. All we have, we have from it; and by consequence owe it all we have. Our Lives and Fortunes are safest, when ventur'd for the publick Interest; and he is the truest Lover of Law and Liberty, that affects rather to be ruled, than to rule; he's the freest Subject that creates himself a voluntary Slave to his Countries Service. Take from the World this inviolable Law, (that is not writ in Brasse, but deeply imprinted in Loyal Hearts) and it shall again turn savage and barbarous. This is a truth so manifest, and not to be dissembled, that never yet was there a Tyrant, but pretended to be a Saviour of the People. Liberty, Conscience, a glorious Nation, *The Good Old Cause*, and such specious Names are made use of: *Nec quisquam alienum servitium & dominationem concupivit, ut non eadem ista vocabula usurparit: Tacit.* These Machiavilian Tricks, and Political Cheats so often put upon the People of our Nation, methinks should have, by this time,

time, undeceived us with a sad experience of the Miseries we have subjected ourselves to, by a perpetual Itch of reforming, annulling, creating Laws, and framing new Governments to the Model of every Grandee's Ambition: And yet we are again ready to thrust our Necks into a new Yoke of Slavery, rather than any Man will engage his private Fortunes, and venture to redeem his Country from Bondage. It is laid to the Charge of *Englisk-Men*, by Foreigners, that we are φιλαύτοι, and above all Nations pretending to Civility the greatest Self-seekers, as regarding much more our own particular than the general Concerns. I must needs say, other Nations would have Canoniz'd for Martyrs, and erected Statues after their Death to the Memory of some of our Compatriots, whom ye have barbarously defaced and mangled, yet alive, for no other Motive but their undaunted Zeal. It has been (I know, not whether I should say) your Misfortune, or my Glory, to become a Sufferer for the legal Vindication of the Liberties of our Kingdom; but yet

I never knew what it was to fear, when I perceived myself engaged in so good a Cause; not Envy, nor snarling Pamphlets shall stop the Course of my Pen, freely running into my Country's Defence, which my Profession and Age forbid me to vindicate by the Sword. Let young Men serve it with their Strength and Arms, let old Men secure it by their Heads and Counsel: For my part, I desire to live no longer than I can in some sort contribute to so glorious a Work. I have of late been snarled at for it, by certain licentious Scriblers, that durst not own their Names for fear of discovering their Asses Ears: However, they are pleased to twitch at the honourable Remnant of mine. They thought to have stop'd my Mouth by their brawling and braying; but I dare yet speak louder, and I hope I shall be heard by all such as have yet sound and impartial Ears: But if my Cry will not reach you, I fear, (dear Countrymen) the Voice of Blood will speedily interrupt your slumbring Security. Those that will be lawless, find fault with my Writings, because I

vin-

vindicate the anciently establish'd Laws of *England*; and tax me of desperate Nonsense, because I will not allow them an unlimited, illegal Legislative Power to repeal, annul, alter, and enact what Laws soever they deem best to serve their own turns. They deceitfully cry out, *Salus Populi suprema Lex est!* † An Axiom that I no ways deny to be true; but I would desire to be instructed who are to be Judges of what is expedient for the good of the People? The Author of the forecited Maxim says, *Leges Magistratibus præsumt, ut Magistratus præsumt populo*: And the great Doctor *St. Austin* not doubted to affirm, that those Societies where Law and Justice is not, are not Commonwealths or Kingdoms, but *Magna latrocinia*, * great Thefts and trepanning Cheats. As for the Power of altering Laws, or bringing in new ones, and setting up new Governments, it is allowed by wise Men, that all Power lawfully exercised upon a Commonwealth, must necessarily be derived either from

M 5. the

† Cicero.

* De civit. Dei.

250 MOLA ASINARIA.

the Appointment of God, who is the supreme Lord of all; or from the Consent of the Society itself, that hath the next Power to his, of disposing of their own Liberty, as they shall think fit for their good, whose benefit is the end of all Government. Therefore whoever arrogates such Power to himself, that cannot produce one of these two Titles, is not a Ruler, but an Invader, or a Tyrant. Now, how this pretended *Long Parliament*, restored by the force of Soldiers, by whose force it had first been dissolved, and was before annulled by the Death or Murther of King *Charles* the First, that summoned it, he being *Principium, causa, & finis Parliamenti*; after his Murther, the House of Lords and Monarchy being abolished, and so many of the ancient Members thrown out, new ones unduly elected, and such horrid Thefts, Rapes, &c. committed by them upon the People, can lawfully be said the Peoples Representatives, and authorized by them, is the greatest Riddle that ever was propounded to a puzzled State. It was in the Year

1649,

1649, that I published a *Legal Vindication of the Liberties of England*; in which I demonstrated the Nullity of the then pretended *Long Parliament*: And lately I set forth a lively Pattern of the spurious *Old Cause*, pretended to be revived and vindicated by the fine Pageant or now-sitting Ghost of the long-since departed *Long Parliament*; neither need I reason farther with reasonable Persons about it: Yet since this fantastical Hobgoblin appears still to fright the quiet People, and tempts them (like an evil Spirit) to give themselves to such an unruly Devil; I will here only hold forth to the view of all good *Englishtomen*, what Slavery they must needs subject themselves unto, if they resolve to cast off for ever their lawful Master and Sovereign, and take for new Masters these upstart domineering Tyrants. Let then every honest freeborn Subject of *England*, lay his Hand upon his Breast, and ask of his own Conscience, whether notwithstanding all former Oaths of Allegiance, Supremacy, Protestation, solemn Leagues and Covenants, &c.

he

he can voluntarily submit to, and thereby freely acknowledge, contrary to his former Knowledge and the said Oath, &c.

I. That there may be, and now is a lawful-assembled Parliament of *England*, actually in being, legally continuing after the late King's Death, or lawfully re-assembled without King, Lords, or most of their Fellow-Members, consisting only of a few late Members of the Commons House.

II. That this Parliament, re-established by a Military Force, and packed together by Power of an Army combining with them, hath just and lawful Authority, and had it before,

1. To Arraign, Condemn and Execute their lawful King himself, with the Peers and Commons of this Realm.
2. To disinherit the King's Posterity of the Crown.
3. To extirpate Monarchy and the whole House of Peers.
4. To violate the Privileges, Rights, Freedoms, Customs, and alter the Con-

Constitutions of Parliaments themselves; to change and subvert the ancient Government, Seals, Laws, Writs, Courts and Coin of the Kingdom.

5. To sell and dispose of all the Lands, Revenues, Jewels, Goods of the Crown, with the Lands of Deans and Chapters, for their own Advantages, not for the easing of the People from Taxes.
6. To dispose of the Forts, Ships, Forces, Offices of Honour, Power, Trust or Profit, to whom they please.
7. To raise and keep up what Forces by Land or Sea they please, and impose Taxes, &c. to make what new Acts, Laws, and reverse what old ones they think meet.
8. To absolve themselves (by more than a Papal Power) and all the Subjects of this Land, from all the aforesaid Oaths, Engagements, Protestations, &c.
9. To permit, settle, or invent what Sect, Heresy, or Religion they please, provided they be not Papacy

pacy or Prelacy, and that they allow not Blasphemy against the Trinity.

10. I ask now if every freeborn Subject that hath not raised himself an Interest by Villany, or an Estate by Robbery, or incurred a Guilt to the Gallows, for having his Hand in Blood, had not better venture Life and Fortunes to reduce the true and lawful Heir into a peaceful Possession of his Right, than to authorize by his Consent a new-fangled Government, compacted of Treason, Usurpation, Tyranny, Theft and Murder?



A
KEY
TO THE
Second and Third Parts
OF
HUDIBRAS.

BY
Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

Pag'd to the last Edition.

L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year, M D C C X V.

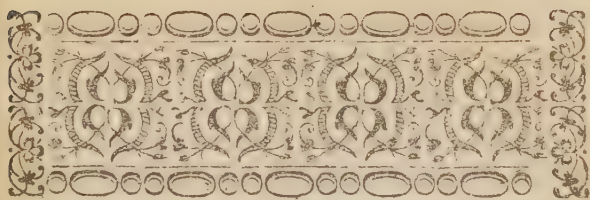
K. E. J.

1850

1851

1852

1853



TO THE READER.

THE former Volume of these Works
bath an excellent Key, made by the in-
genious Sir Roger L'Estrange, to Hudib-
bras; a Copy whereof was formerly trans-
mitted to our Hands by the Learned Dr.
Midgley: But that Manuscript being de-
ficient by frequent Transcriptions, or other-
wise, we have procur'd the Original one,
written by the abovesaid worthy Knight;
which is a Continuation of the other, and
wholly explains the Meaning of Mr. Butler,
in all those obscure Passages which relate to
the Persons or Things concern'd in the grand
Rebellion of Forty One; so that whoever
now converses with the Writings of that
Author, may read and know the Design
and

TO the READER.

and Scope of him with Ease and Pleasure. This Key, which hath been so long desired by the World, in both Volumes, is now compleat, and so much to the full Purpose, that it cannot be mended with Alterations or Additions by any other Hand. So if the Reader is herewith pleas'd, 'tis all the Satisfaction he desires, who hath been put to some trouble to oblige the Bookseller with so necessary an Explanation of Mr. Burler's first Works, which made him as famous when alive as dead, and thereby obtain'd more Honour than Homer, whose Works found no Acceptation in his Country till after his Death.





An Alphabetical

K E Y

T O

H U D I B R A S.

A.

Page 279. line 640.

But for our Adoniram Byfield.

A Broken Apothecary, who retriev'd
his Fortune by siding with the Re-
bels, and voted any thing to be Law,
tho' in defiance of their Fundamentals.

Page

C.

Page 51. line 702.

*Was no Dispute a-foot between
The Caterwauling Brethren?*

Pointing at those grave Rabbies of the Fanaticks, who in Points of Divinity never traded in any larger Authors than the *Assemblies Catechism*.

Page 279. line 636.

But from our Calamies.

This *Calamy* was a Presbyterian Parson, and much noted for preaching Sedition instead of Loyalty; his Patron was *Waller*, to whose Lady he often ran for a Use of Consolation.

Page 279. line 635.

*Where had they all their gifted Phrases,
But from our Calamies and Cases?*

This *Case* was a Dissenting Preacher, who gloried in singing an *Hosanna* to that Arch-Traytor *Oliver Cromwel*; and to increase that Usurper's Army, lay with the Sisters of his whining Congregation. Page

Page 306. line 1550.

They've roasted Cook.

He was once an honest Barber, but for his Loyalty receiving some Persecution, and seeing what Profit arose by trimming the State, he turn'd as arrant a Knave as any of his Persecutors.

Page 283. line 765.

*And till they first began to Cant,
And sprinkle down the Covenant.*

The Covenant was a sort of rebellious Combination made among the *Scots* formerly, be of what Religion they would; insomuch, that had these Beasts been to have enter'd the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have suited them into Pairs.

Page 36. line 194.

He'll sign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.

Pointing at the Impudence of those Rebels, which would authorize their Villany by signing it with Forms that were legal, while a King was *in esse*; but not when they assum'd all Power in their own Hands.

Page

D.

Page 305. line 1534.

*And while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready list'd under Dun.*

The Name of the *Fanaticks* Hangman, whose Hands were often stained with the Blood of Loyal Subjects.

Page 268. line 270.

*-----Others tamper'd,
For Desborough.*

One of the Rump's Colonels, whose Valour, like the rest of these *Tatterdemalians*, proceeded from his Ignorance: But tho' these Puritan Soldiers were successful in their Villany, yet were they but *Mars's* Petty-toes; or rather such sniveling Cowards, that truly it is a Favour to call them so.

E.

Page 267. line 240.

*And now the Saints began their Reign,
For which they'd yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,
To see an Empire all of Kings.*

An

An Empire of Kings signifies a Democracy, or Commonwealth Government; or our Author here rather points at the Statocracy of those Times, which (like the *Marmalukes*) govern'd by an Army-Power.

F.

Page 287. line 894.

*That represent no Part o'th' Nation,
But Fisher's Folly Congregation.*

A Meeting-House, built by one *Fisher* a Shoemaker, where *Devenshire-Square* now stands, in 1659; but the Restoration of the Royal Family happening the next Year after, it was pull'd down by some Loyalists; and then lying useless, it was call'd *Fisher's Folly*.

Page 268. line 270.

----- *Others tamper'd,
For Fleetwood*

He was one of the Roundheads Commanders, who pretended to be a Babe of Grace too; but certainly it was not in his personal, but (as the State Sophisters distinguish it) in his politick
Capa-

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Capacity ; regenerated *ab extra*, by the Zeal of the House he sat in ; as Chickens are hatch'd at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

G.

Page 42. line 395.

*As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that would have been the Mistress
Of Gondibert.*

Pointing at Sir *William Davenant*, the Author of a Poem call'd *Gondibert*.

H.

Page 297. line 1239.

~~-----~~ *The Isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you deny't,
Where Henderson and th' other Masses,
Were sent to cap Texts, and put Cases.*

This Fellow was a Dissenting Parson, sent to *Uxbridge* and the *Isle of Wight*, to dispute with King *Charles the First*, about Matters of Religion. He was mighty zealous for the bad Cause which those of his bad Stamp call'd a good One ; and was such an Admirer
of

of *Oliver Cromwel*, that once in a preposterous Blasphemy to the Lord of Hosts, stil'd him, *the Archangel giving Battle to the Devil.*

Page 297. line 1250.

*They did not mean, he wrought th'effusion
In Person, like Hewson.*

This Fellow was a Cobler, who had but one Eye; and throwing by his Awl and Last, went into the Parliament's Army; where he arriv'd to the Dignity of a Colonel: And on that Day the King was Beheaded, he went with a Party of Horse from *Charing-Cross* to the *Royal-Exchange*, proclaiming all the way, *That whosoever should say, that Charles Stuart died wrongfully, should suffer present Death.*

Page 297. line 215.

*Toss'd in a furious Hurricane,
Did Oliver give up his Reign.*

Pointing at the great Hurricane in which the Devil fetch'd the Usurper to his Territories, on the third of *September 1658.*

I.

Page 260. line 1.

*The Learned write, an Insect-Breeze
Is but a Mangrel Prince of Bees,
That fall, before a Storm, on Cows,
And stings the Founder of his House.*

Meaning, by *Insect Breeze*, the *Fanatics*; whose Godliness is of the same Parentage with good Laws, both extracted out of bad Manners; and whose Victories, in the time of the Civil Wars, prov'd at last like the Magical Combat of *Apuleius*; who, thinking he had slain all three of his Enemies, found 'em at last but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and so empty are the Triumphs of Rebels; but so many imposthumated Fancies, so many Bladders of their own blowing.

L.

Page 268. line 270.

~~Others tamper'd~~
~~For~~ Fleetwood, Destorough & Lambart
As

As for *Fleetwood* and *Desborough*,
we have taken notice of them already:
and as for *Lambart*, he was another
rebellious Officer, who (like *Don Quix-
ot* for *Sancho Pancha*) fought at all
Adventures to purchase for the Usurper
the Government of this Island.

Page 287. line 909.

*Unless it be the Bulls of Lenthal,
That always past for fundamental.*

He was Speaker of the House of
Commons to the Rump-Parliament;
who help'd out their false Weights
with some Scruples of Conscience; and
with their peremptory Scales could
doom their lawful King with a *Mene
Tekel*.

Page 102. line 1227.

*A lawless Linsie-Woolfie Brother,
Half of one Order, half another;
A Creature of amphibious Nature,
On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water:
That always preys on Grace or Sin,
A Sheep without, a Wolf within.*

This *Linsie-Woolfie Brother* hints on
Andrew Crawford, a Scotch Preacher,
N. 2. who

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who in those rebellious Times liv'd on
the Sins of the People, which then was
a good standing Dish, and verified the
Axiom, *Isdem nutritur, ex quibus*
componitur.

M.

Page 276. line 529.

And 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient,----- (I mean Marg'rets Fast)

The Rump-Parliament us'd to have
their publick Fasts kept in St. *Margaret's*
Church at *Westminster*; which
they observ'd so solemnly, that if they
could come at any thing good to eat,
they would prove to be as terrible
Slaughter-men as *Fairfax* his Soldiers
were wont to be at a Thanksgiving-
Dinner.

N.

Page 50. line 662.

In Name of King and Parliament.

The specious Pretence by which the
Rebels did beat up for Volunteers.

Page

Page 10. line 285.

*But when the Date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the sympathetic Snout.*

By *Nock* is meant *Oliver Cromwel*, that infamous Usurper ; who rifled Colleges to promote Learning, and pull'd down Churches for Edification : And here our Author also seems to take notice of his Nose, which was not only extream large, but was withal so very red, that many who liv'd in his Time were wont to say, that he wore the Dominical Letter upon't.

O.

Page 279. line 638.

*Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
Who had e'er heard of Owen ?*

A Puritan Preacher, whose Doctrine ran upon a certain Scale of Destruction, which taught his Auditors to ruin the Father, beggar the Son, and strangle the Hopes of all Posterity.

P.

Page 297. line 1250.

*They did not mean, he wrought th'effusion
In Person, like Sir Pride.*

This Person was a Dray-man, who throwing off his Allegiance to his lawful Sovereign, listed himself in the Parliament Army; and for his Disloyalty came in time to be a Colonel.

S.

Page 122. line 368.

*He mounted Synod-Men, and rode'em
To Dirty-Lane and Little-Sodom.*

The first of these Places is in *Long-Acre*, the other is *Salisbury-Court* in *Fleetstreet*, which was formerly the Residence of Bawds and Whores, to which *Hudibras's* Man, and other of his sanctified Brethren resorted sometimes to refresh themselves, when troubled with any carnal Emotions.

Page 122. line 370.

*Made 'em corvet, like Spanish Jennets;
And take the Ring at Madam -----*

I know not for what reason our Author shou'd dash that Gentlewoman's Name, which makes Rhyme to Jennets; but to make him as intelligible as we can, he hints here at one Mrs. Stennet, whose Husband was, by Profession, a Broom-Man; and she follow'd the laudable Imployment of Bawding, and manag'd several Intrigues for those Brothers and Sisters, whose Purity consisted chiefly in the Whiteness of their Linen.

W.

Page 171. line 166.

*Meet with the Parliament's Committee
At Woodstock.*

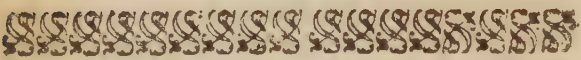
Hinting at a Committee of the Long Parliament sitting in the King's Palace at *Woodstock*, where they were
(and

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(and well such bloody Rebels might)
frighten'd with several Apparitions;
insomuch that their ill Consciences
flying in their Faces, they would hold
there no more wicked Consultations.

F I N I S.





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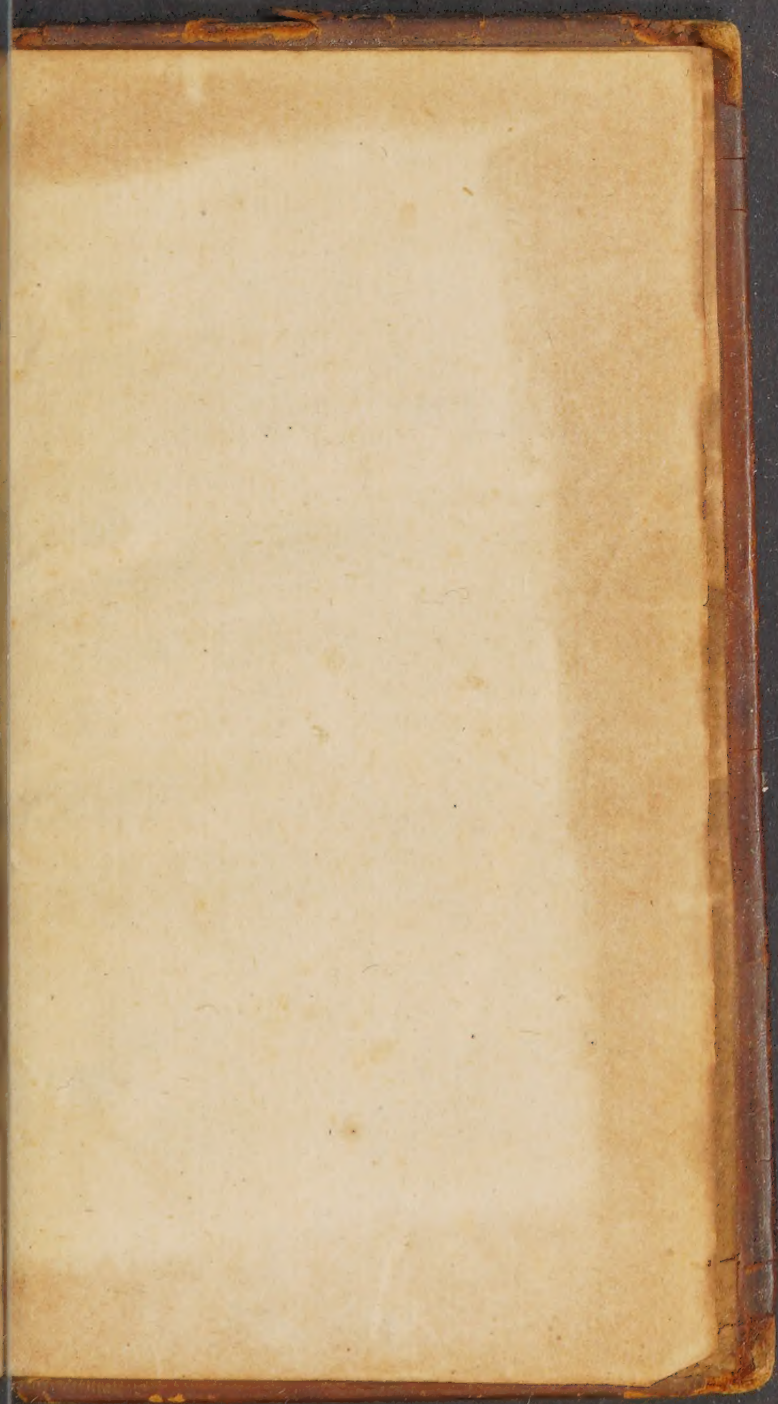
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